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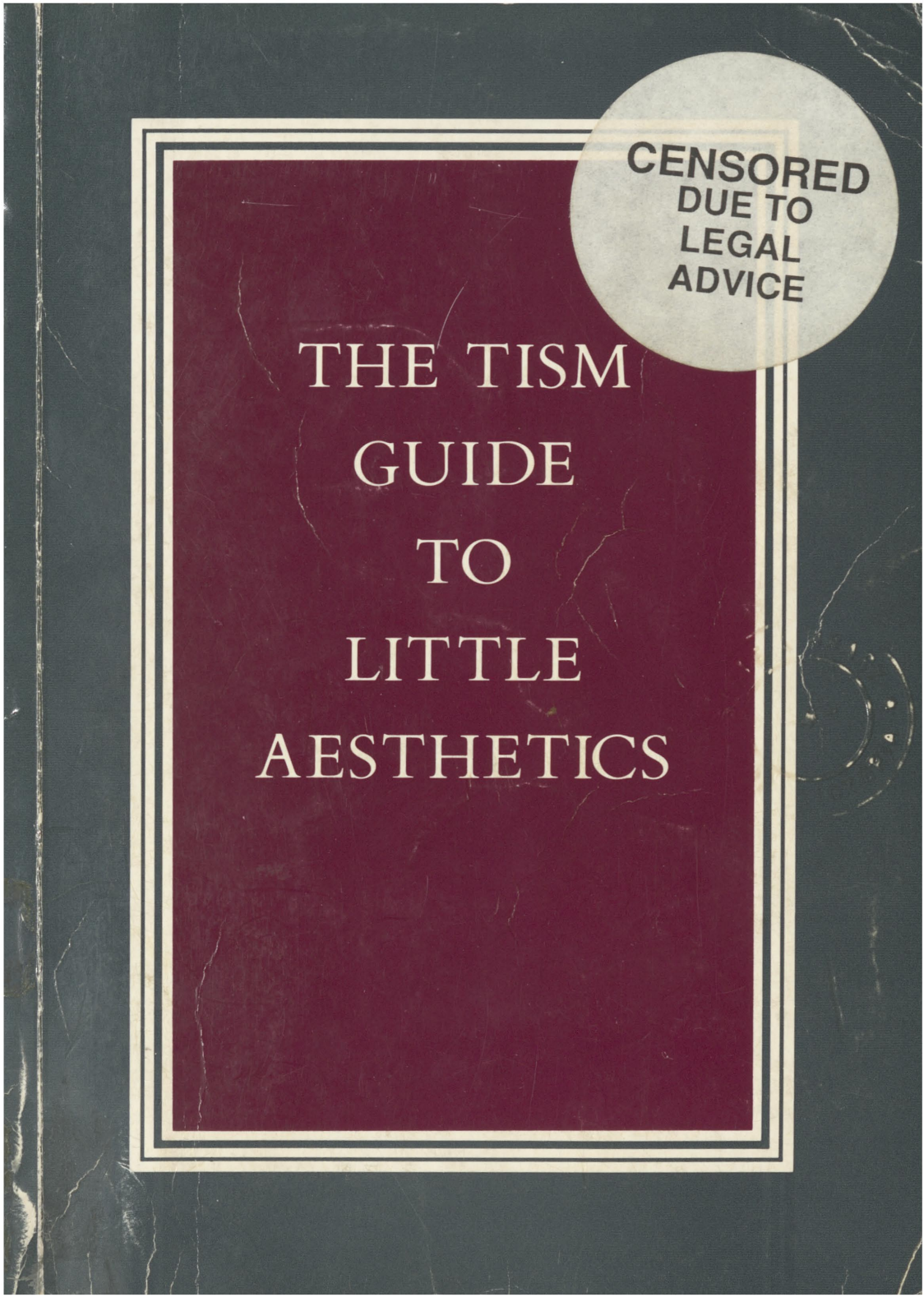
CENSORED
DUE TO
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THE TISM
GUIDE
TO
LITTLE
AESTHETICS

A STOCK, ARISTOTLE & WATERMAN PUBLICATION

A STOCK, ARISTOTLE & WATERMAN PUBLICATION

edition of

The TISM Guide To Little Aesthetics

BASED ON THE WORKS OF

This Is Serious Mum

Compiled by The Most Beautiful Economist In The World

Introduction, notes and all editorial matter
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Introduction

... if there's one thing I hate it's when you've got your fruity ball bag resting on some bimbo's chin and she notices your 'Feminists Suck' tattoo through the undergrowth on your scrotum. It's hard enough concentrating during oral sex so as not to let her gagging sounds upset you without having to explain to some gasping bint who's "drunk with fatigue" that, as Philip Roth says, satire of this kind:

> has no desire to be decorous. Decorum — and what hides behind it — is often just what it's attacking. To ask a satirist to be in good taste is like asking a love poet to be less personal. Is *The Satyricon* in good taste? Is *A Modest Proposal*?
>
> (*Reading Myself and Others*)

Cocksucking, indeed, has a *long* and *proud* position in the literary *canon*, and it's surprising that most rock critics can't understand not only the Freudian minefield the first half of this sentence contains but that, being cocksuckers themselves, they can't put it into a literary context. Pissant rock critics have sensibilities quite like the floozy who is heroically swallowing your repulsive mongrel: they'll suck the boils off your epididymis, but if you fart in bed they'll cry "Disgusting". *Art* is what they'll swallow whole. *The Jesus And Mary Chain*, say: not a bad idea for a band, but a ratshit bunch of preening turds none the less. Who could seriously see them live, fog machine and backlighting as some obscure metaphor for their precious artistic sensibility, and not want to shrug them off, Tony Lockett style? What Robert Smith needs is to play for 10 minutes alongside Rodney Grinter. The wailing whining black haired white faced poet's all very well, but artistic pain conceived by the mania of the late twentieth century, born from the neurosis of existential man and raised in the tortured nursery of the avant garde hasn't

got nothing on a good, honest Grinter backhander. Nonetheless, when me and the boys down in J-division meet for our Saturday night bronze-up, we all agree that football is becoming a fairy's game. It's when the faecal smears are just reaching the peep-hole in the cell-door, that's when you'll get your *real* true-blue bronzed Aussie. "Bash this up your ginger", we'll cry, handing around our copies of St. Augustine's tale of lust, revenge and epic love, *City of God*. "Bronze for Australia ... Bronze for Australia", we'll scream, the Norman Mays of maximum security. The screws hate it: there's crap on the floor, crap on the walls, crap dangling down lugubriously from the ceiling. Bastards make us clean it up, though, which I reckon shouldn't be allowed: I reckon it's demeaning. "Christ", I explain to them, "you can't expect our revolt against conventional morality to be *polite*. Fuck it, we're *rebels*. We're not just dropping turds for the *fun of it*! We're making a fucking statement, Charlie, and if that shocks your conventional middle class morality, well, so be it. Did Chaucer hold back in *The Canterbury Tales*? No way. He has 'em kissing each others' arses, and no prison officer was able to stop him. Read this, screw:

> "He's so beautiful", murmured Miss Parker. "Sensitive. So finely made. The most beautiful young man I've ever seen. What a pity he's a cocksucker." Then, sweetly, wide-eyed with little girl naivete, she said: "Oh. Oh dear. Have I said something *wrong*? I mean, he is a cocksucker, isn't he, Tallulah?"
>
> Miss Bankhead said: "Well, d-d-darling, I r-r-really wouldn't know. He's never sucked *my* cock."

(*Answered Prayers*)

Trumane Capote shocked his social clique, too, and just because they were the super rich cafe society of New York, Paris and Rome don't mean that splattering your crap up against the restrictive milieu of J-division isn't just as valid." It's the education system that's to blame here. Kids these days don't know what it's like to be a rebel. The rebels we get these days are just like the Year 10 lout at school. You see Sebastian swaggering around the billiard table at the back of *The Esplanade,* dirty T-shirt coming in and meeting his denims in a tight and provocative 'V' at

the waist, his cue as elegantly and as artificially poised as his own demeanour, unconcernedly picking up the white ball and shifting it, knowing that no-one in the room would be stupid enough to complain. This Jimmy Dean, Marlon Brando, Jack Kerouac bullshit — it's the same as the kid sitting in the back of history class, spit balling, farting, sniggering, a cack-filled, impenetrably stupid lout. These days, teachers don't even *care* if you rebel. You get caught smoking in the boys' room, the teacher on yard duty will just as likely be too tired and cynical to give a fuck. I fuckin' hate that. Least he could do is take me to the co-ordinator. Fuckin' smart-arse cunt told me that he'd take along 3 dozen frangers to parent-teacher night to give my parents, tell 'em the best thing they could do for their kids' education is make sure they didn't have any more. Caught me climbing up a tree near C-block staffroom back in Year 8, all he did was say that if I came down he'd give me a banana. Told me that I must be up there visiting the relatives. Fucking cunt, I scratched his name in the science lab desk, said he likes fucking *boys*. That got him. That's *rebellion*. That day we had a weak as piss emergency teacher on. She caught me. It was a fucking joke, her trying to tell me off and the whole class pissing themselves; the louder she screamed, the more I hacked out of the table. At least she took me to the co-ordinator. He told me that "fucking boys" was a disgusting thing to write. "Up yours", I said. "What do you expect my cry of rage against the hidden curriculum in this school is gonna be? *Polite*? *Reasonable*? I'm a fucking very *disturbed* adolescent, and I'm reaching out in the only way I know how, through pain and anger and aggression, and you want me to join the S.R.C. and write a letter to the principal, do you, saying "Dear Sir, I just wanna lay bare the repressive hegemony that this society is based upon"? Oh sure. Attacking society isn't a polite business, cock-sucker, and if I want to be a grunting, illiterate, selfish, violent, bigoted, cruel, senseless, savage arse pick, then fuck everybody else, I'll be one." But the same fucking cunt of a teacher got me back. When I got back from suspension, I wrote in my English essay what I said to the co-ordinator, finished it with the line, "so you do suck off young boys, come around to my place, suck the turds out of my dog's arse", and the cunt gave me 8 out of 10! Said it was the best thing I'd done all year! Told me to try not to write in crayon next time. School these days means rebelling

isn't as easy as it used to be. The rebel in literature, the Huck Finns, the Holden Caulfields, the Stephen Dedaluses, the Dannihers, the Krakours, they're all sensitive, moral, idealistic young men in a cruel society. Now days they'd just get their heads punched in, not by conservative society, but by the *rebels* they are antecedent to. They'd go down to *The Esplanade* and get a billiard cue up their arse. We've still got bands who just *wanna be free*. "Hey, teacher, leave those kids alone"; *Poison*; *Guns 'n' Roses*; all that lot. That's who we've got as rebels today: the rebel in literature should stay right where he is. Byron had:

> ... the Clergy — who
> Upon my head have bid their thunders break
> In pious libels by no means a few.
>
> (*Don Juan*, Canto XIV, lines 73-76)

He was lucky. All he had arranged against him was conventional society. Today, we've got to put up with anarchists. Byron's employment of the classical Plutarchan *a b a b a b c c* rhyme structure was, paradoxically, one of his most rebellious gestures. Byron's revolt from the Victorian social mores was powerfully imbued with Heathcliffian and Faustian elements of sexual potency. The Janus-faced ambivalence he evidenced towards revolutionary France and, later, the related upheavals in the Continent — where, of course, he died — is provocatively mimicked in the sort of antediluvian naivete with which the English upper class attempted to react to him. One wonders if that same society, therefore, was all the more shocked by his use of classical poetic versification. Consider Dryden's translation of Virgil's *Georgics*, containing this description of animal lust:

> ... the furious mare,
> Barred from male, is frantic with despair:
> For, when her pouting vent declares her pain,
> She tears the harness, and she rends the rein.
>
> (Bk III; lines 418 — 422)

Given this sort of literary precedent, in what form, one wonders, did Victorian society expect Byron's urge for liberation to express itself? In *politeness*? In coy decorous wit? No. Surely the last thing rebellion can

be expected to be is *tasteful*. Indeed, the great literary canon we can draw on today is full of works that show the nexus between rebellion and art. E.M. Forster's *Backpassage To India*, Bronte's *Wuthering Tights*, the witty, self-deluded heroine of Jane Austin's *Enema*, Dickin's *Great Expectorations*, Conrad's *Fart In Darkness* — all show the true nature of the rebel. Perhaps the crowning achievement is Marcel Proust's epic novel chronicling every bowel movement in the life of its author-hero, *A Remembrance Of Things Passed*. Not only did Proust's inward looking masterwork confirm the totality of individual existence, he managed to write six volumes and make nearly every line the same length so the right hand margin would be nice and straight. Little today can rival these works in the sense of their challenging the social context in which they were created. The preening foppery of popular culture is bereft of true challenge. The soul of rebellion is youth, and the symbol of youth is the rock idol. As a corporate marketing tool, the likes of Elton John, John Farnham and Phil Collins fulfil their function. Like the Rolls Royce *Spirit of Ecstasy*, they are mere logos designed for the enhancement of market share. Similarly, their inverted cousins, the avant garde rock *artist*, is a pale and anaemic creature. Take, as an example, the shoddy self-styled cultists *This Is Serious Mum*. Their worn enigma threatens no-one; their prolix prose merely bores; their spurious wit fails to amuse. The *Introduction* to their *Guide To Little Aesthetics* is a case in point. Employing a shallow modernistic technique of changing first person personas, it is a diatribe, an amalgamation of the thoughts of various characters: a resentful male during fellatio, an inmate of a maximum security prison, a schoolboy, a pompous literary analyst, and a critic of *TISM* — all these voices are combined in an extemporised juxtaposition evidently designed to contrast and satirise their various standpoints. Consider this quote:

> Pissant rock critics have sensibilities quite like the floozy who is heroically swallowing your repulsive mongrel: they'll suck the boils off your epididymis, but if you fart in bed they'll cry: "Disgusting".

The point, one presumes, is to both shock and amuse. Yet what is achieved is merely a schoolboy's delight in rude words and pulling faces.

The *themes* running through the work — rebellion, satire, the connection between literature, rock music and society — are lofty enough. But the *achievement* is not so grand. If one could quote back at them, as they are so oft prepared to do to the reader, one might pick from Pope's *Epistle To Dr. Arbuthnot*:

> Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board
> Now trips a lady, now struts a lord ...
> Beauty that shocks you, parts none will trust,
> Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
>
> (lines 328 — 334)

From the first pornographic line — and I mean pornographic in the sense of boring and dissatisfying — to the last lame sentences, with their clumsy satire of the final lines of Joyce's *Ulysses*, the *Introduction* sums up all the failings of *TISM* — clumsy, ill-conceived, even pompous intentions expressed with all the artistry of a mildly intelligent schoolboy. I'm aware of the harshness of this critique, but what, after all, do you expect a reviewer to be? *Polite*? Diplomatic? No. A reviewer must have the courage of his or her convictions — and believe me, I've got plenty of convictions — and no hypocritical sense of reserve should stifle them. My role is to challenge and extend both artistic and social sensibilities — and if that involves malicious and misleading criticism, so be it. Just as long as it doesn't involve me *reading* the fucking book. That's right out. What's the fucking point? None of *TISM's* fans will read it anyway. Come to think of it, the most challenging and courageous thing about *TISM* publishing a book is the fact none of their fucking fans *can* read. So fucking what? Could James Joyce write? Not to save his wordsmith arsehole. Not one fucking punctuation mark in sight for the last forty pages of *Ulysses*, making him not only the most challenging master of the language for 200 years, but one of the biggest dickheads that ever lived. What's the point of breaking the conventions of the language when people can't be bothered wading through the gobooldy-gook to save their lives? The artist and his society — what 6 foot 4 inch *TISM* fan could give a shit? The artist is Val Perovic, society the "woof" — the artist criminal assault, society the poof — the artist is rover, society the ruck — the artist is the scull, society the chuck — and if the bimbo gasping

beneath my testicles wants me to explain it I'll say No tell the fucking schoolboys breaking all the rules 'cos they're so misunderstood that I wanna get old before I die No I want rock stars to drown in a pool of my own vomit No fucking way am I going to be dragged into the trap of mainstream corporate rock because I'm a fucking anarchist except when they offer me money and No body is stopping me from signing that contract because I looked the rapacious fascist bullyboy in the eye and yes I said yes I will Yes.

Trieste — Zurich — Bundoora 1914-1921

Chapter 1
Early TISM

IT'S LATE 1982. Somewhere, for some reason, *This Is Serious Mum (TISM)* hatches. During the next twelve months *TISM* aimlessly write over 100 songs, which are immediately discarded due to lack of interest. No-one knew or cared. Those were the days.

In retrospect, this was *TISM's* artistic zenith. The material ranged from the bombastic *The Art—Income Dialectic* to clear, profound statements found in songs like *Babies Bite Back* and the semi-autobiographical *I'm Style Deaf.*

This is the period where *TISM* most clearly show their roots: paeans to their idols, Chuck Berry (*Johnny To B. Or Not To B. Good*) and *The Goanna Band* (*Stop The Franklin's Flow*).

The final gasp of this creative golden age was the *tour de force*, *Screaming Mongoloid Unbound.* A rock opera in four parts, *Mongoloid* has never been performed live, largely because it isn't very good. We have reproduced here lyrical excerpts from this monolith (see page 17).

But by December 1983 *TISM* decide they require an injection of new talent. They duly write letters to Paul Keating, Philip Roth and Eddie Van Halen offering each one the position of lead tambourine in *This Is Serious Mum.* Two members of the Federal Police respond on behalf of the Treasurer. He declined.

Late in 1983 *TISM* appear in public for the first time. To a select group *TISM* performed what was simultaneously their debut and farewell gig, entitled *The Get Fucked Concert.* The gig was an artistic and commercial failure.

Flushed with their achievement, *TISM* duly split up.

Eckerman Is Very Silly

Eckerman does, Eckerman doesn't,
Eckerman switched on the current.

Eckerman will, Eckerman won't,
Eckerman dug out the moat.

Eckerman is, Eckerman isn't,
Eckerman is quite pleasant.

Eckerman laughs, Eckerman cries,
Eckerman has lots of ties.

Eckerman lives, Eckerman dies,
Eckerman loves those apple pies.

December 1982

Yassa Arathin A Go Go

Oh Yassa, I would give anything
To have a nose like him.
Oh Yassa, he's got my mandate
To create the new Palestinian State.

Yassa Arathin was born, born to be alive,
Menachem Begin and Ronald Reagan don't dig his jive,
But he ain't shoved his genitals down anybody's throat,
And they better watch it 'cause that really gets his goat.

Yassa Arathin was in Beirut
When the Israelis began to shoot
Like Adolf said to Eva quoted he:
"Looks like it's coming down on me".

December 1982

I Go To Werribee[1]

I ain't no Greco-Roman wrestler but I still love ya baby,
I ain't got no NASA jet-pack but I still dig ya baby,
No rules, no regulations: just bohemian — that's it.

You knock the wind fair out of my buttocks baby
You make me void my bowels
You give me irregular bowel movements baby
We'll party every time my mum lets me.

When my baby looks at me
I go to Werribee
Right down the toilet hole
Via the bowl
It's free at last
What a blast!

December 1982

1 Sung to the tune of Peter Allen's *I Go To Rio*. Werribee has a central role in the disposal of Melbourne's sewage.

The Ballad Of The Semitic Nazi

They called my dad the only rabbi in jackboots,
They called my mum the wife of my dad,
They circumcised me at the Nuremberg rally,
That's how I became a semitic Nazi for life.

I wanna have my gas and sniff it too.

My mum always told me not to annex Poland,
My dad always told me not to invade Russia,
That's what you get for being a rebel:
Stuck in a bunker eating unleavened bread.

I'm as popular as a Jew in Beirut,
I'm responsible for millions of deaths,
I decimated more than half of Europe —
Kind of makes you want to boogie.

December 1982

Pus Of The Dead

Everybody's got it
Every guy and gal
Wait until you snuff it
You'll have it as well.

The pus of the dead is yummy
It froths up in your mouth
It comes up from your tummy
When you've run out of health.

It is yellow and sticky
And it's waiting just for you
It tastes much worse than bickies
I'd rather eat my poo.

December 1982

Defecate On My Face

Come home tired, what a day I've had —
News ain't good from Stalingrad.
I've been busy protecting the German race
So c'mon baby, defecate on my face.

C'mon baby, send it on down,
Bend over Braun and give me your brown,
There's trouble brewing in the Warsaw pact,
So hurry up Eva, move your digestive tract.

Get to the bunker, looks like a stye,
Turn on the TV, it's all a big lie.
Here Eva, have these prunes to chew —
We have ways of making you poo.

Here come the Russians, it's near the end,
Proud to say my girl never used an S-bend.
What's that Eva? Your bowel is on strike!
Then it's all over for my Third Reich.

May 1983

The Judeo-Christian Ethic

I dipped my donga in some dogfood and found I couldn't stop,
I wanted to get some more but it was a long way to the shop.
I dunno where I'm going but I sure know where I've been —
I've been sticking it in Chumpy dogfood ever since I was nineteen.

What has happened to the dialectic between my brain and my dick?
Lookin' at that Chumpy nearly makes me sick,
But that sticky dripping dick of mine has got its own idealogy —
All I want my dong to do is have a simple wee.

My dick's gone all didactic, I'm nearly going spastic,
But I see Chumpy on Red Spot special, it draws me like elastic.
I know more about pet food than others have forgotten,
So bend over, Fido, let me knead your bottom.

June 1983

Doug Parkinson Sings Christie Allen

'Nature is the first cause and the fundamental creative principle in all activities, but the function of a system is to prescribe the degree and the right moment for each, and to lay down the clearest rules for use and practise. Furthermore, sublime impulses are expressed to greater degrees when they are left to themselves without the ballast and stability of knowledge; they need the curb as often as the spur.'

June 1983

The Art-Income Dialectic

Art is for the filthy rich and their noble fucking minds
Because they're the only arseholes with any fucking time
To go to the galleries and museums and restaurants to dine
While all the grotty working class are working down the mines.

They're really very self-aware and like to love all men
And wouldn't eat an egg that comes from a battery hen
And support universal justice and think life is absurd
Just like they've read in Kafka and the other pretentious nerds.

I'd rather go to Broady[1] and get my head beat in;
Disfigured for life by some lethal lout with a piece of tin —
And while I'm in my hospital bed, my face slashed down the middle,
At least I won't be called artistic, or any of that piddle.

June 1983

1 Broady, short for Broadmeadows, is the archetypal rough, working class western suburb in Melbourne.

Kill Americans

Kill all the flag waving red blooded young Yankee boys
String their torsos up and use their dicks as toys
Nuke every U.S. city, blow them to the sky —
Every single fucking Yank deserves to fucking die.
Line up all the mothers and every apple pie,
Gun them down with M-16's aiming at their eyes;
Exhume every president, especially J.F.K.,
And blow their brains out once again, and do it twice a day.
Kill every U.S. citizen, all except the Jews —
Take them to Israel and then wipe that lot out too
Then get all the Vietnamese that were napalmed to death
And everyone from El Salvador and Cuba and Chile and the rest
Any say "Look, the Yanks are gone, the world is once again free
No more napalm, no more C.I.A., no more Wounded Knee."
And when they are all celebrating, nuke the fucking lot
And there'll be lots of jellied gasoline in every baby's cot.
And then load a M-16 and give it plenty of feeling
Put it to your temple and blow your brains onto the ceiling.

June 1983

Jack Elliot's Turf Whinge

I'll be your back-door man,
Rectangular with a wire-mesh screen.
I'll be your back-door man
By the way, how are the kids?

I'm your little red rooster baby
I prefer wheat to pellets
I'm your little red rooster
Hey I like the way you interpreted that opportunist go a lot if.

You're like a hound dog baby
You hear really high-pitched whistles
You're like a hound dog baby
Go on the best yep wop ho.

I've been down so goddam long
I must remember to pick up a tube of *Deep Heat* rub
I've been down so very damn long
I said woe-den boe-den stink me out in woops.

September 1983

The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped

There is a whole generation of Victorian schoolboys for whom the spectacular high mark in Australian Rules will never be a 'screamer' or a 'great grab'; for the group of mates who attended primary school between 1962 to around 1975 such a mark is called a 'Jezza'.

This is because these young boys, whether they had a football or not, would compulsively leap on each other's spinal cord screaming 'Jezza' as if it were some unarguable justification for crushing some poor sod beneath hurtling kneecaps.

Nowadays, of course, the Victorian Football League wouldn't really concern itself with what Victorian primary school kids do. Millionaire businessmen are more the style these days. But what caught the imagination of those young boys will never be completely forgotten. Alex Jesaulenko's ability to rise up the backs of opponents was the envy of every boy in the state. To hang suspended on the bruised vertebrae of some unsuspecting schoolmate was to reproduce the feats of 'Jezza'. So the cry of 'Jezza' was a cry of triumph and elation.

And one mark especially will never be forgotten — a mark that is the definitive 'Jezza'. And so *The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped* begins:

In the 1970 VFL Grand Final Alex Jesaulenko took one of the greatest marks ever in the history of Australian rules football. This is a song about the man he took it over: Mr. Graeme 'Jerker' Jenkins.

The back upon which Jezza jumped and rode into the ground,
The humiliated vertebrae that glorious mark crushed down,
That pathetic platform from which Jesaulenko leapt into the sky,
That ladder to immortality, has finally laid down to die.

Yes, Graeme 'Jerker' Jenkins, the man that stood his ground
And took the pain that gave others fame is six feet underground.
Giant Jolly Jerker Jenkins, Jesaulenko's dupe —
All he got out of that magic mark was a tendency to stoop.

Did he hear the thundering footsteps on that fateful day?
As he looked up at that Sherrin[1] did he know he'd have no say
As Jezza jumped to fame and glory with one almighty leap
And he was left to be forgotten in a crumpled heap?

And so all you men of small ability and mediocre skill,
All those who in the race of life are left standing still,
Those who must always know others are unquestionably better,
The second class, the also-rans, the unsuccessful go-getter,

The minor-leaguers, the average markers, the consistent second-raters,
The stay-at-homers, the timid loners, the habitual masturbators,
The ugly girls, the amputees, the screaming mongoloids,
The senile old, the deformed young, bladders that unwillingly void,

The cancer-ridden, the AIDS victim, the plastic surgery disaster,
The fake bowel, the anguished howl as the psychopath shafts ya,
The violated, the child rapists, the jerk-off artists,
The intensely hated, the disaster fated, the involuntary fartists —

All of you huge race of men with mind or body dismembered
Never forget the name of the man who will never be remembered,
And be warned all of you who have hopes of happiness you pathetically nurture,
Lest you forget the back upon which Jezza jumped, the giant Graeme 'Jerker'.

September 1983

1 Sherrin produce the balls used in V.F.L. games.

I'm Style Deaf

Hi there. I'm style deaf
Which means that the risk
Of continuing this song
Is too great.

September 1983

Mistah Eliot — He Wanker

T.S. Eliot tuned the radio, couldn't get rid of the static
Serves him right for being so fucking enigmatic.

T.S. Eliot crashed his motor car, snapped the clutch cable,
I bet you my youngest daughter could drink him under the table.

T.S. Eliot lost his wallet when he went into town
Serves him right for hanging round with the likes of Ezra Pound.

T.S. Eliot thinks he is famous because he is a genius
But don't you know I'm ambivalent about the modernist achievement.

September 1983

Excerpts from:

Screaming Mongoloid Unbound

A Verse Play in Four Acts

ACT ONE: (Orson Malingenie; Doctor; Ron Hitler-Barassi; Screaming Mongoloid)

Orson Malingenie

It was a dark and windy night, *a priori*.
It was a silent and haunting darkness.
It was a wet and cool evening.
A fortiori, it was a pleasant and humid day.
Q.E.D. it was a pensive and sun-drenched noon time.
It was a gentle and pert morning.
It was a silent and dull week.
It was a slender and haunting moment.
It was a tense and tender second.
It was a violent and peaceful stupor.
It was a bleak and happy hour.
It was a facetious and serious midnight.
It was a concerned and flippant nanometre.
It was a slouching and upright millennium.

LET POLAND BE POLAND

Doctor

Here you go Ron, here's the kid
She opened her legs and out it slid
From between her legs and out from the void
Emerged your son, a screaming mongoloid.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Say no, doctor, it's not the case
This little bastard hasn't got a face
I'm Ron Hitler-Barassi, the man whose name
Is associated with inventing the modern game.

WHO ordered the team to hand-ball in the '70 grand final?
WHO ordered the solution that was meant to be final?

Doctor

Sorry Ron, that don't matter now
This kid has a bowel for a mind, and can't mind his bowel.

Screaming Mongoloid

RA — DO! RA — DO!
RA — DO! RA — DO!

Ron Hitler-Barassi

It ain't no fun being left on the bench
But that's the decision I gotta make
Should I invade the French?
It's the German race that's at stake.

Yet — oh for those balmy Nuremberg nights!
All the world is a football field
And I tell the boys "going the knuckle's alright"
We'll make the five and Europe'll yield.

I heard the word "umpire" I reached for my gun
We beat the Poles by 15 goals
Today the game's lost its sense of fun
Like beating people on their feet's soles.

And now comes the unkindest cut of all
A screaming mongoloid is my son and heir
All through my life I've won the hard ball
But this could be too much to bear.

[End of Act One]

ACT TWO: (Orson Malingenie; Jim Steinman; Ron Hitler-Barassi)

Orson Malingenie

It was a cold and wet day
It was a frosty and ubiquitous midsummer
It was a tendentious and placid springtime
It was a foggy and etiological snowstorm
It was a scrofulous and pensive peccadillo
It was a blue-ringed and insular decameter
It was a frigid and incomplete kilo hertz
It was a grandiose and gratuitous googly
It was a medium-paced and cruel off-break
It was an irresponsible and rococo tax-dodge
500 years of peace and all they've produced is the Cuckoo Clock.

Jim Steinman

I gave you Meat Loaf, I gave you Tyler
I ain't got talent but my profits grow higher
I am benevolent, omniscient, omnipresent
I sell music for the peasant.

But most of all, for this event
I am totally irrelevant.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Who was that?

Orson Malingenie

Jim Steinman

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Oh, who are you?

Orson Malingenie

Double double toil and trouble
Coffee boil and cauldron bubble
I'm Orson, that is whom
I come to bring tales of doom.

Such a foul and foul day I have never seen
Except for the day that has just been
And not forgetting, blow wind, come wrack
All the days before that.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Well bust my colon.

Orson Malingenie

Beware, Ron Hitler-Barassi, of what I warn
You will be donkey-licked by one of woman born
And the woods of Dunsinane will stay just as they are
What a nice suit, *ooooooh*hhharrrrrr.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Slit my pancreas if it ain't the truth
My mongoloid son can't join Hitler youth
My name will be dragged through the muck

We'll be beaten in the ruck.
We're losing drive at the centre-bounce
Our half-back line is getting trounced
Jesus Christ, I've lost the knack
What have you got to say Orson?

Orson Malingenie

Yak.

[End of Act Two]

ACT THREE: (Orson Malingenie; Vladimir; Ron Hitler-Barassi; The Spirit of 70's Rock; Screaming Mongoloid)

Orson Malingenie

Onanism isn't an easy beat,
And Ron Hitler-Barassi plunged into a perfidious spiral of self-abuse.
What would become of him? Who could save him now?
Who *was* that masked hermaphrodite?

Estragon

Hey, Vladimir, who are you waiting for?

Vladimir

We're waiting for Godot, Estragon.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Twangin' the wire takes me up where I belong
Punishing Percy in the palm helps me get along
I give the Pink Oboe a bit of a play
Helps me get through the day.

The Spirit of 70's Rock

Halt, Ron, stop playin' with your cock —
I'm the spirit of seventies rock
Come to give you a helping hand
Why don't you form a band?

Do a cover of *Rocky Mountain Road*
It's a lot better than spilling your load
Release an album once a year
Don't worry about talent, have no fear.

I'll be with you all the way
I'll be there on stage as you play
Get Carlos Santana-bran and Cheese-dip
Use the occult — you can't slip.

You'll be huge, you'll own a jet —
Release one guitar solo on a double-album set;
Get to your hotel and wreck the room,
Sweep up the cocaine with a broom.

Wear jeans that don't quite fit
No-one cares that it's all talentless shit:
It's seventies rock, but Ron, don't knock it
It'll give you fame and money in your pocket.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Fuck off.

Spirit of 70's Rock

Righto.

Screaming Mongoloid

RA — DO RA — DO

Ron Hitler-Barassi

Shut ya trap ya stupid git
Suppurating war-wound of shit
Colon-squeezing fist-fucking runt
Evil-smelling gangrenous cunt.

Screaming Mongoloid

RA — DO RA — DO
Let us go then
RA — DO You and I
RA — DO When the evening is
RA — DO Spread out RA — DO
Against the sky RA — DO
Like a patient etherized upon a table
RA — DO Let us go through certain half-deserted streets
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights RA — DO in one night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious RA — DO intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question
Oh, do not ask, "What is it"
RA — DO Let us go and make our visit.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

It's amazing — my screaming mongoloid
Who couldn't control his shit
Has turned into T.S. Eliot

[End of Act Three]

ACT FOUR: (Orson Malingenie; Estragon, Vladimir, Godot)

Orson Malingenie

What would Peter Couchman say,
On this frost-bitten cool wet and humid yet slightly windy day?
How is that a screaming mongoloid can turn into one of the
Major literary figures of the past century,
Slightly bi-lingual and suspect in the roving department
Though that century was?
What quirk is this in the evolving double-helix of D.N.A.?

Estragon

Hey, Vlad, what do you think of the footy?[1]

Vladimir

Carlton for mine kamph.

Estragon

But what about Roger Merritt, the star of Richard Attenborough's new film *Merritt*?

Vladimir

They'll put Doullie on him if he gets going. There's Des English in the back-pocket to mind Van-Der-Haar, though I'll admit he's lacking for height against the big blonde Dutchman. Southby's experience will show

1 What follows is a succession of football in-jokes — repeated here only to preserve the text's authenticity — that are not now very funny, if ever they were.

and Wayne Harmes' destructive left-foot should outclass the hapless Dons.

Estragon

What about the role of the back-bencher?

Vladimir and Estragon together:

The modern parliamentarian in post-war plutocratic democracies is faced with the challenge of an ever more complex and expanding society. How can the Westminster system reconcile itself to the demands of the specialist age we are all living in? I feel the committee system is at least a stop-gap measure to solve the deeper problem of technological specialization.

All in all, shift Watson to the half-forward line, put Daniher into centre-half-forward, and Copping on the bench.

Estragon

Hey look, here's Godot now

Godot

G'day fellas

Vladimir

G'day Godot

Estragon

Righto, lets go ...
END

September 1983

Johnny To B. Or Not To B. Goode

Johnny's mum took drugs and alcohol
Johnny's mates knew she was a moll
She told Johnny to be a rock roll star
He said, "No way, I'm stayin' right where I are".

Stay home, home Johnny home
Stay home, home Johnny home
Stay home Johnny to B. or not to B. Goode.

Johnny got home, he went to bed
Johnny went on to do Melbourne Med
Johnny got rich being a doctor
And then he died after a happy but boring existence.

No-one knew Johnny, and he didn't care
When on the bottom storey he climbed the stair
Johnny didn't get very far
Most of all, he hated guitar.

November 1983

Lyric For Jack

Who shot John F. Kennedy?
Who blew him to the sky?
It wasn't Lee Harvey Oswald.
No way: it was I.

Dunno why I did it,
He didn't deserve to die.
But there you go, it's a funny world
So I blew out the bit between his eyes.

February 1984

Babies Bite Back

You stroke them with your knitting needles
You smother them with tender loving care
You raise them to your inhibitions
And drown them with gin.

But don't turn your back now
Keep your wide eyes peeled
Because when you least expect it
Babies bite back.

What once was an elephant
Is now a set of killing teeth.

August 1985

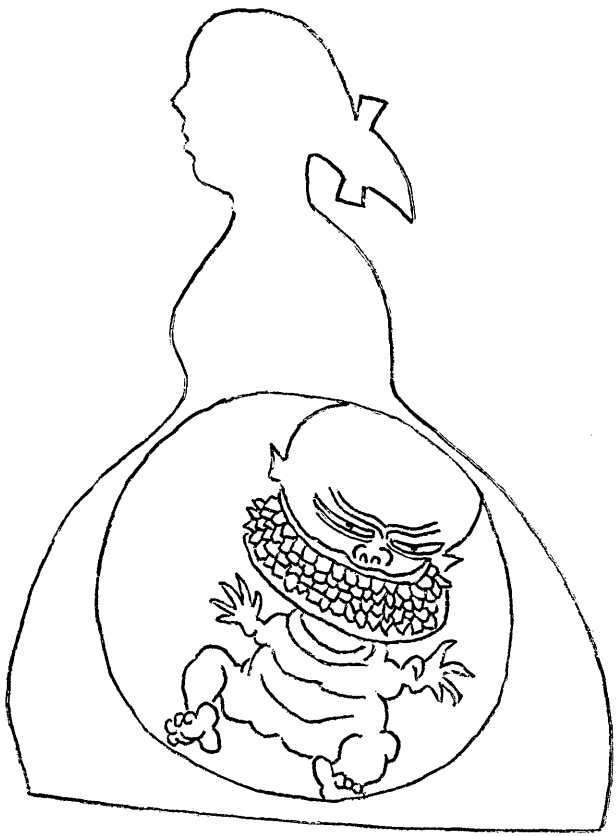

Fig. 1 Babies Bite Back

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Take Your Love

Take your love
Boil it in a pot
Scrape the sides
From bottom to top
Wrap the rest in *The Age*
Tie it in a knot
Bury it deep in the ground
And forget the lot.

Wait about twenty years
In secret hope;
Nothing will ever grow —
Dangle on a rope.

December 1984

Chapter 2
TISM Comeback

OVER 18 MONTHS after their farewell performance, *TISM* completely sell out their artistic principles to begin a series of re-union gigs. The rot sets in. As support act to Melbourne's *Shower Scene From Psycho*, *TISM* offend and appal their first few audiences in short 30 minute bursts.

We're still looking for whoever was responsible, but *TISM* got enough of a reaction to justify recording a single. *Defecate On My Face*, b/w *Death Death Death* [redacted] is taped at York Street studios in October.

The band soon received further confirmation of their secular artistic decline by winning the 3RRR *Battle of the Bands* competition at Albert Park Lake. During *TISM*'s final award winning set, the entire PA breaks down. *TISM*, leaping about and generally haranguing the audience, apparently didn't notice. Neither did the judges. Pity.

By late 1985 *TISM* play their first headline spots at *The Tote* and *The Club*. They also film a video clip for *Defecate On My Face* with Jill Holt and record *The Art—Income Dialectic* at Aztec Studios as part of their 3RRR prize.

TISM support *Orchestra of Skin and Bone* at the *Aberdeen Hotel, Fitzroy*. The Orchestra conductor, Mr. Ollie Olsen, later attempted to slit his wrists on stage. Any connection between this action and *TISM*'s new song, *Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush* is presumably coincidental.

TISM start 1986 with an interview with 3RRR's Bohdan X. They answer using texta pens on pieces of paper. Later that evening *TISM* play *The User's Club*. The canker is spreading.

In what was clearly the turning point in their artistic careers, *TISM* are called "scum" by Nico after supporting her at *The Prince of Wales*.

By April *TISM* were playing to a full house at *The Prince of Wales*. So what.

In May *TISM* attacks Ian Meldrum with All-Bran and orange juice when he appears on the 3RRR Breakfast Show. That evening they model their new *Choose Bad Smack* smocks at *The Club* to an increasingly unstable crowd.

TISM record at Timbertop Studios for a future release in June 1986.

TISM debut single, *Defecate on My Face*, is released on Elvis Records in July. It is a 7 inch record in a 12 inch cover with all sides glued together. People all over Melbourne begin hacking their way into the cover to hear the record. *TISM* launch the single at *The Prince of Wales* in front of 870 people. Apart from a typically bombastic and turgid *TISM* performance, the audience are shown some of *TISM*'s merchandising, such as *TISM* string; *TISM* no interest, no obligation loans; and *TISM* boat hire. Will people never learn?

In order to meet the growing requests for more information the band releases a press release designed to provide all the details the public should know about *TISM*. *The Defecate* cover also included totally authentic pen portraits of all the *TISM* members (which start on page 47).

TISM give an interview to *Juke's* Mara Smarelli and *RAM's* Adrian Ryan. The interview is conducted on a football oval. Interviewers and interviewees stand 50 metres apart separated by a piece of string, using megaphones to communicate. *TISM* refuse to answer any questions unless the string is taut. Unbelievably, Smarelli finds something positive to write out of this shambles, whilst Ryan takes the more traditional serious rock journalist approach, attempting to take *TISM* to the cleaners. Sadly, Ryan didn't realise that *TISM* had three loads of washing on the line before he got out of bed. So there.

TISM achieve a life time goal of practising their deception to the inner city private school crowd when they play to another full house at the *Armadale Hotel*. *TISM* hand flowers and message cards to their audience. Crawlers.

TISM invades the prime time radio show of 3RRR anchorman Steven 'The Ghost' Walker. Calling him 'Jeremy', they begin with a pointless speech, then introduce a fire alarm, trumpet, live drum kit and high revving, smoke billowing lawn motor to the studio, before hastily retreating into the haze of the night.

Death Death Death [redacted]

Bruises bruises bruises
Cuts cuts cuts
Giblets giblets giblets
Guts guts guts

Death death
Hacksaw hacksaw hacksaw
Scrape scrape scrape
Murder murder murder
Rape rape rape

Death death death
[redacted]

Torture torture torture
Rack rack rack
Slaughter slaughter slaughter
Attack! Attack! Attack!

August 1985

Fig. 2 Death Death Death [redacted]

Ezra Pound—Axe King

Now Ezra Pound was a fine young man,
Though possibly a bit of a dandy,
And when it came to writing things down,
You know, he was pretty handy.
But remember this, you pretentious shits with all your books up on the shelf:
When he came, his dick went limp like everybody else.

August 1985

Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush

Your life is like a candle
Lighting up your way
A beacon in the darkness
So snuff it right away.

Kill yourself now and avoid the rush.

The world is like an oyster
A pearl is inside
A fortune waiting for you
So clam up and die.

Kill yourself now and avoid the rush.

August 1985

Root

Tend, tend, tend,
Tend to your trodden lives,
While I, I, I,
Poke you between the eyes.

I can smell, smell, smell,
Smell you from here,
Because your pants, pants, pants,
Are stained with fear.

September 1985

This Is Serious Mum Explained #1

From where does This Is Serious Mum *spring?*

The members of *TISM* have been playing together for many, many years. The first time they played together Humphrey B. Flaubert got a skinned knee, so his mother told them to play somewhere else. Since then they have made eight seminal home-recordings, viz:

Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance
Hooked On Crap
Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion
It's Novel! It's Unique! It's Shithouse!
TISM *V*
If You Want The Toilet, You're In It
Muggy Climates In My Jockettes
There's More Men In Children Than Wisdom Knows

These tapes, recorded at various times since 1980, are the basis from which live material is drawn. *TISM* consider playing live an absolute violation of their hitherto unbreakable vow of total obscurity. Someone will pay. The audience.

Why do This Is Serious Mum *wear masks on stage?*

Because of their strange, unearthly beauty.

Have This Is Serious Mum *done anything worth mentioning?*

They won the 3RRR FM Band Competition in 1985. This was due to their appeal to the lowest common denominator. Since then they have played live regularly around Melbourne, and have produced a single and a video. In the future they expect to grow older, and in that time remain exactly the same or change radically; though of course a middle course between these two extremes is also possible.

They would like to say that as TV is a medium controlled by ruthless, bloodless, arrogant and dehumanizing organizations, they support it unreservedly.

What do This Is Serious Mum *think of rock and roll?*

TISM think rock and roll needs to change. It has become the handmaiden of conservative forces that tend towards entropic personalities, easily manipulated for military and economic gain. The vital voice of youth has been replaced by corporate pansies who are either too ignorant or too selfish to see their true role as manipulators for the anonymous centres of power. Rock is now just another arm of the industrial-military complex.

TISM are very prepared to exchange their ideals for as much money as you would care to offer.

October 1985

This Is Serious Mum Explained #2

This Is Serious Mum is a group of young advertising executives which has got all the answers. By plumbing the depths of bad taste on stage they hope to provide research material for their agency — Crusty Underpants Pty. Ltd. — in its up coming campaign for Chumpy dog food. Off stage they are smug, self-assured and always immaculate in dress and grammar; but *This Is Serious Mum* turn into degenerates so they can continue to enjoy their voluminous in-ground pools and $85,000 per annum tax-free incomes.

This makes them possibly the most hypocritical band in the history of rock. Their mysterious and immoral personas hide only self seeking, rapacious and essentially mercenary motives.

The immorality of their live act is matched only by their greed, and beneath their oh so easy artistic mystique lies a conservatism that is firmly entrenched in the self-interested, cruel aggressiveness of reactionaries everywhere.

But boy, they sure can play rock 'n' roll!

Ron Hitler-Barassi — vocals, Dencorub and the annexation of Poland.
Humphrey B. Flaubert — jungle drums and libido.
Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun — synthesizer and true love.
Jock Cheese — bass and the crucifixion of the innocents.
Jon St. Peenis — saxophone, depression and cumulus cloud activity.
Les Misérables — dance, metal work and frontal perspective.
Leak Van Vlalen — guitar and Pig-God.

December 1985

A Face Full Of Divertamenti

Love is like come, you gag but you swallow
As it goes down your windpipe and comes out tomorrow.
Never forget that you'll never remember
My name once you take your lips off my member.

Mum's in the kitchen cooking fish and chips
Daddy's in the toilet bombing battleships.

Remember the days when you were a lad
Trying to root the arse off your mum and blow the fuck out of dad?
And if you're a lassie, that part of you aching
For the man who kissed mum and brought home the bacon?

What happens now we're as naked as babies
All over each other like VD or rabies?
In each other's jockettes long may we wallow —
Love is like come, you gag but you swallow.

November 198

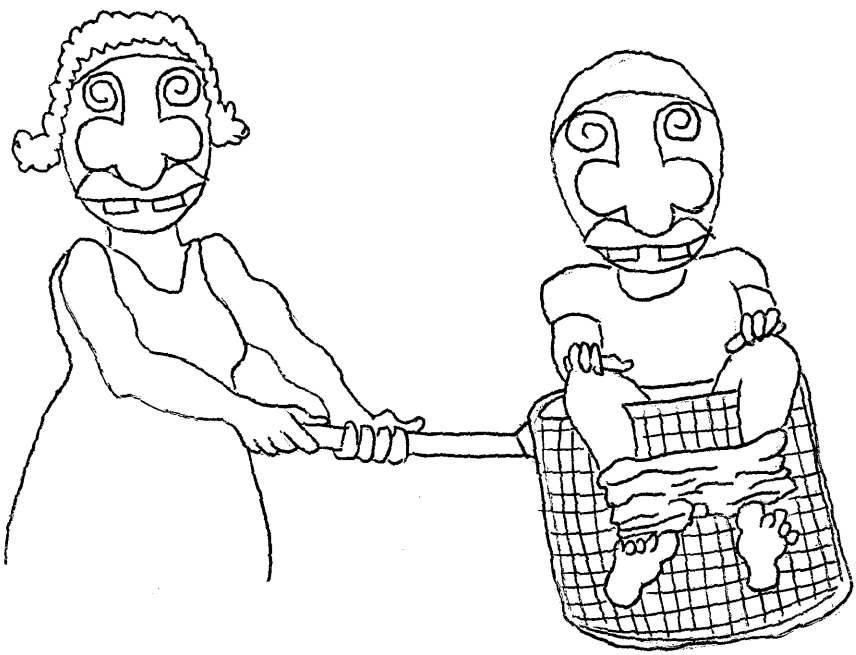

Fig. 3 A Face Full Of Divertamenti

This Is Serious Mum Explained #3

or

"What sordid psycho-sexual desires does Catholicism spring from?"

When *This Is Serious Mum* released their first novel, *Defecate On My Face/Death Death Death/Art—Income Dialectic* in 1951, only their most avid readers were disappointed by its lack of critical or popular acceptance. Now *TISM* have become almost an institution unto themselves. In the intervening twelve years since that first release and the present, they have built up a complex network of coterie group support and broad-based general appeal that belies such an inauspicious beginning. The question I wish to pose is this: What is it about our society that enables an author such as *This Is Serious Mum* to permeate so many levels of acceptance with such ease?

Nowadays one can buy a 'Gestalt-burger' or an 'Epiphany thickshake' without wondering at the incongruity of those titles; with the advent of *TISM*, trash culture has been upended and replaced by a scoffing intellectual pretentiousness. The general public are made to feel secure inasmuch as they think that finally someone has declared that the Emperor has no clothes (the Emperor being all the university professors, media commentators and even secondary school teachers that have looked down their noses at them all their lives) whilst the intellectuals delight in their knowledge that no-one else can see the joke. Thus the hamburger has been transformed by *TISM* from its former position as the symbol of economic and intellectual inferiority, into the delight of the scholars. All to the glee of the workers.

Figures support this theory. Sales of *This Is Serious Mum* franchises have trebled in the past few years. Apparently the night of the Kennedy/Nixon debate, *TISM* Materialistic Determinism Bubblegum Denims ran at 400 per hour in each of the major coastal cities. What is so significant is that these sales were spread evenly throughout the 'university suburbs' and the depressed industrial areas. What makes a young 15 year old girl buy a pair of jeans labelled with an in-

tellectual concept she has no claim to understand? And, more importantly, why should the wife of a university professor buy the same pair? What social nerve have *TISM* managed to pinch?

It may well be less difficult to pose the reverse question: who are the people who do not share the joke? Well, there are not too many. A handful of critical reviewers have withheld their approval, though not one major critic is amongst this group. They tend to complain about the all-encompassing nature of *TISM*'s influence, and speak of "tiring iconoclasism," (Gavin Lockstead, *The National Journal*, 1959, pp193 — 198) and "intellectual flatulence" (P.R. Hartley, *The Review*, 1959, no. 2). However, the majority of critics regard their fellows with indifference, and dismiss their views as humourless and small-minded.

The only identifiable group that is anti-*TISM* is a small band of politically committed extremist factions who complain of a lack of true inspiration in the *TISM* corpus. Their importance is extremely limited. These small anti-*TISM* groups share a sense of being excluded from the mocking, boyish humour of the author. They cannot participate in the *TISM* phenomenon because they feel so aggrieved by their environment — social or intellectual — that the ambiguity of *This Is Serious Mum*'s attack makes them disenfranchised, inasmuch as they prefer to see themselves as the lone guardians of the flame of truth. The irony, of course, is that each could never agree on what exactly makes that flame burn. *TISM* takes from them their sense of exclusivity, and that is what matters most.

Yet it is a sense of exclusivity that *This Is Serious Mum* provide so well for their supporters. It tends to allow both the intellectual and the anti-intellectual to confirm their own prejudices. The author seems to give each the final confirmation of what they always suspected — that (either) all those windy intellectuals talk nonsense, or everybody else is a dumb prole — but could never really say out loud. Thus *TISM* allows everyone to have their cake and eat it too.

Unusual, is it not, that the most beautiful is also the most intelligent? And such tender years. Could you resist? You should see her in her denim jacket and black skirt. You should see her brown eyes and her brown hair and her brown skin. Talk about the Capulets and the Montagues. Christ, I'd have a balcony scene with her anywhere. Who needs

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a balcony? If there weren't any angels we'd have to invent them; and we have.

Anyway, so we went on like that for a few months...

December 1985

Ron Hitler-Barassi

"Damn Kenny Rogers". He slammed down the phone. The teak wood-panelling, darker now that the sun had passed beyond that point at which the desk dwelt in the sunlight, shuddered.

RON HITLER-BARASSI sat for a long moment, infuriated that, no matter how he tried, the company remained in control of his artistic future. Bursting out of his office, he strode down the concrete and carpet interior of the stadium, winding his way through the maze of corridors, walkways and elevators. He knew these paths like nobody else — and what success had followed! But now he was fighting a last defence of the little that remained of his victories.

Slinging open the door of the changing room, he moved tersely from player to player, making on each demands that he had always made on himself. The boot studders, psychotherapists and trainers worked quietly, but the whole room seemed to revolve around Ron Hitler-Barassi. He soon began to increase the timbre and volume of his voice, speaking now to groups of men. Forwards, defenders, the crucial new centre-half forward, followers, even the players on the bench, were addressed in turn.

Then, without a word from him, the players huddled and breathed in the fire that came from his mouth. Screaming, panting, whispering, even spitting on them, Hitler-Barassi took his players and strangled them as individuals. What emerged was a body of men, a group dedicated to the man who so cruelly abused them and so gently caressed them. All of them screaming now, the door was opened and they ran down the race and onto the oval. Hitler-Barassi gazed at the drops of sweat on the locker doors; self-doubt creased his features.

Stalingrad fell; Berlin burns.

December 1985

Humphrey B. Flaubert

"A sickening theme is beginning to emerge in my work. I seem increasingly preoccupied with the delay of creativity, and all my writing seems to spring from the increasingly powerful intuition within me that whatever talent I had is rapidly leaving me."

"Thank Christ", thought HUMPHREY B. FLAUBERT as he crumpled up the letter. The phone rang, and he talked for hours with a girl who claimed he should write a book, but whom really wanted him to say the same thing to her. Later in the week another girl — whom Humphrey had immediately picked as a right galah — had fervently admitted to him that fame for her meant more than art.

Humphrey had often thought of opening a disco called *Modern Consciousness*, and, when all the drongos he had ever met were trying to stand at the centre of it, napalming the entire block.

Last night Humphrey had a dream. "Feed at my thighs", the girl sighed.

This morning he breakfasted and showered as normal. Bowls and plates rested on the grey covering that was always carefully laid over the table. Finding the day cool he chose from his wardrobe a denim jacket and, folding the sleeves inward, he stepped down steps and over the yard towards his car. Humphrey B. Flaubert opened his car and drove away.

All the time his dream rang around his mind. "Romance, romance — all this I will have. I am convinced".

And this was true, too.

December 1985

Jock Cheese

Towards the end of Tao Tazixue's *Fragrance Of Snow-Wind Through The Slats Of Mountain Hut* there is a particularly entrancing description of the time of the morning when there is something — just something — in the light that makes a man feel most truly aware. JOCK CHEESE thought of this passage. He paused, and lifted his face from the machine head and looked over the crowd. *Fold back, D.I's, E.Q., top end, male to jack cannon, noise to tape ratio.*

For most of the Great Ocean Road Jock Cheese had not changed out of fourth gear. He no longer heard the noise from his bike. He saw the road, but not as the few lonely drivers he had overtaken had probably seen it. Mainly, really, he experienced the curves and bends of the highway. Scenery rushed up to greet his sight — tarmac, ocean, evening sky, cliff face — then was pushed away by the new offering that rounding the next curve made to his vision. His brain swelled with the smoke and the ride. This was a pleasure that never disappointed him. *Fold back, D.I's, E.Q., top end, male to jack cannon, noise to tape ratio.*

Jock Cheese rolled over. There was a lot to do. Still lying down, he flipped the cassette around and slammed the door of the deck shut. Closing his eyes, he didn't hear any vocals — or, at least, he didn't hear lyrics. Tone and pitch spoke to him. But his own voice kept telling him: "There is a lot to do". He rolled back and picked up his list. He glanced over the words, coded in his own brief, almost primitive way — *Fold back, D.I's, E.Q., top end, male to jack cannon, noise to tape ratio.* Before he reached the end, he lay back again and shuddered like the neck of a bass guitar.

December 1985

Jon St. Peenis

The lines of the streets of Valladolid follow the contours of the cut-away hills upon which the town is built. They are modern streets, but being built on the ancient roadways they interlace in a tangle. This morning was bright and already hot. The pools of water left by the mechanical street sweeping devices were fast evaporating. JON ST. PEENIS took these streets in his stride, pushing his way across the city and out into the Spanish meadow land. Running in his steady, unchanging, grim style (described by one newspaper man as "man's revenge on machine"), the functioning of St. Peenis' lymphatic glands and the cardiovascular action of his heart muscle were being monitored by functionaries in his townhouse near the city centre. These machines detected no irregularity.

Thus it was as always. Jon St. Peenis remained a grim visage, an unbreakable will that even the oceanic weight of fame could not buckle. Those last volcanic clashes with other members of the group — especially the terrific split with Hitler-Barassi — were evidence that St. Peenis trifled with nothing and followed no one.

Then, rounding a smallish hill north-west of Valladolid, Jon St. Peenis felt a despair settle in him. It was an almost totally physical sensation — deep in his body some sort of structure tumbled. He knew this was a despair from which nothing comes.

Later that evening, his people released a brief statement to the effect that "Jon St. Peenis continues to enjoy his work". But it was eight long years before he would run in public again.

December 1985

Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun

In this country there were three remaining factions. The countryside towards the mountains and around the main coastal port was controlled by communist insurgents. Those groups were tightly disciplined, but prone to factionalism, and therefore unable to co-ordinate their resources. They had some international backing, but not as much as rumoured in the overseas press. The cities were held by the new revolutionary group, the group that could most accurately claim to be "in control". The mountains were another thing altogether. Held by a separatist Muslim militia that had the full support of the backward mountain communities, the mountains were virtually no longer considered part of the state.

These three main powers formed after the fifteen year old ruling aristocracy fell due to the sheer greed of a handful of main party power brokers. Once this occurred, a struggle for power had emerged that at the start had a horrific brutality, but soon settled down into the deadlock outlined above. Regular 'outrages' committed by one group or another on someone from the other side remained the main expression of conflict. Most considered the likely outcome to be the gradual stabilisation of the urban industrial centres until prosperity attracted at least the rural groups to consider reconciliation. Everyone agreed the Muslim group was absolutely unpredictable.

EUGÈNE DELA HOT-CROIX BUN knew nothing of this. He was honestly and sincerely in love for ever.

December 1985

Les Misérables

MISÉRABLES, LES (1947 —) An enigmatic and predictably shadowy figure whose presence has been felt in the various fields of song, movement, repetition engineering and poetry for sporadic periods since the late 1970's. His eclectic style, admired if not enjoyed by his contemporaries, seems as yet less than fully appreciated, and many see him as an influence that will help mould the next generation more than his own. Perhaps indicative of his status is that most know him for his famous maxim "That won't get you a tractor", yet probably could not recite it in full: "You're doing subsistence farming, not high efficiency production — that won't get you a tractor".

In the early 1980's Les Misérables removed himself from all areas of arts and manufacture, preferring instead the secluded charm of his two bedroom suburban flat. There, along with his precision lathes and recording equipment, he is rumoured to have produced an epic entitled *High Production — The Lower Resolution of Ambience.* Refusing to even admit to his project, he remains quietly polite about future plans. Watering his plants, he shuffles around his flat in apparent despair. His biographer, Alan Hillard, quotes medical reports that he may be suffering from somnambulism.

I have seen him through the tinted window of his flat. Having snuck in under the archway, I waited — but not for long — until I caught Les Misérables glance past the gleaming glass. And it was then that the feeling I have had for many months now, a feeling I could barely elucidate, the creeping sensation that all my sublime moments were past me, this feeling seemed to increase and develop — until it itself became sublime.

December 1985

Leak Van Vlalen

If you creep up the sandy, weedy wood steps of a beach house in Sorrento, and if you push open the twenty year old wire grill door, and then quietly pad your way past the old black and white T.V. and other holiday mess in the loungeroom, there, at the end of the corridor, to your left, in his study, you will find LEAK VAN VLALEN. Once again his knuckles whiten in frustration as he crumples up his manuscript and flings it at the bin. Concerning himself with obtuse epistemological issues, his bent head silhouetted against the crashing ocean seems to bespeak of the most sordid intellectual courage.

Leak Van Vlalen is alone. No man can play guitar as if it was a thing of intellect rather than of flesh — no man but Leak. Wielding his pen, his prose style has the fluidity of music. Wielding his instrument, his songs have the rigidity of logic. And so again he flicks his paper into the bin, and bends his head to the task no-one else can understand.

Peeking into his study unnoticed, one feels as if this were Rodin's or Bergson's writing room. Say — just say — one could float past Leak Van Vlalen! As if in a dream, one could pass somehow out the window, and be transported across the roaring ocean. There, all alone, back past your shoulder, would be the window at which Leak sits crying. Further out, his form would merge with the window and the house. Then, all alone and far, far out at sea, magically above the waves, you would loose sight of Van Vlalen altogether. Still moving away from land, a storm seems to be brewing. A depression settles over you, as you fly over the water, and fly away.

December 1985

Gas! Gas! — An Ecstasy Of Fumbling

Hey, what's that smell in my car?
Hey, what's that smell in my car?

Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

Must be from the factory.
Must be from the factory.

Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

It's coming from the air vents.
It's coming from the air vents.

Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

Stay in the car girl, needn't go back to Pa.
Stay in the car girl, needn't go back to Pa.

Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

C'mon baby let me drive you home
I'm as sensitive as Wilfred Owen.

January 1986

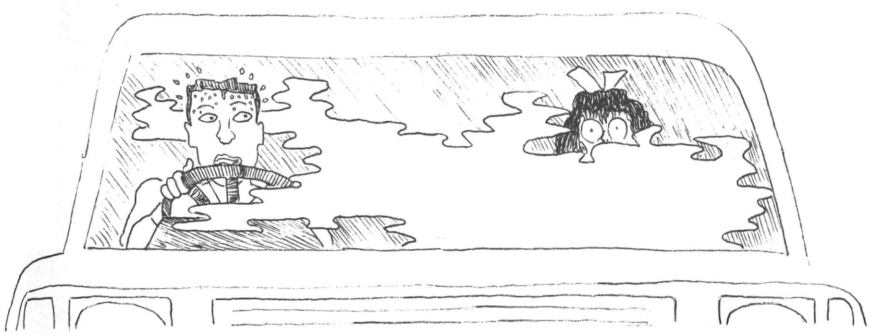

Fig. 4 Gas! Gas! — An Ecstasy Of Fumbling

Choose Bad Smack

Choose bad smack, put *Omo* in your coke
Snort it up the hooter, gulp it down your throat.
Choose bad smack, don't choose life,
Leaves you high and your clothes whiter than white.

I love the adrenalin rush that speed and danger draw
Like blowin' into my milk shake instead of sucking up the straw.
One day I'm gonna go right over the top
And keep on blowing after my mum tells me to stop.

Choose bad smack, put *Omo* in your coke,
Cold Power in your crack, *Drive* in your dope.
Choose bad smack, don't choose life
Leaves you high and your clothes whiter than white.

The ball's in the net, the run's on the board
Be like your sporting heroes, make sure you've scored.

March 1986

Fig. 5 Choose Bad Smack

40 Years — Then Death

All that's good, all that's right
Everything hot, all that's tight
Women, men, pubescent girls
Never again to finger their curls
On their heads so exquisite
Never again to visit
The palace, the palace of love.

Forty years of living then death,
That's all that's left,
Forty years — then death
Forty years — that's all that's left.

The work is just beginning
As my hair, it begins thinning,
Pleasure is past and all that's dear
As friends and foe alike disappear
Never again to visit
The palace, the palace of love.

Perfume! The smell of perfume is forgotten
And the shape of her room and the sheets on her bed
Disappear forever from my head
No more the sudden thrill
As I dip into the swill
Never again to visit
The palace, the palace of love.

January 1986

Saturday Night Palsy

I don't wanna live and I don't wanna die
I wanna shove a red hot poker through the eye[1]
I want it to shine I want it to rain
I want to get hit by a freight train.

Be bop a lula ba lom bam balsy
I think I got Saturday night palsy
A wom bom a ly bom ba lom bam balsy
I think I got Saturday night palsy

Someone better shoot me before it's too late
I wanna be impaled on a fifty foot grate
My VU meter's in the overload
I think my aorta's gonna explode.

I got a brand new car and a new set of clothes
I wanna pull my brains out through my nose
Show me to the women show me to the bar
I wanna jump into a vat of hot tar.

June 1986

1 Alternate words: *I wanna shoot heroin through the eye.*

Chapter 3
The Rot Spreads

AUGUST 1986, and *TISM* turn 'Club Go-Fast' into 'Club Goat-Fast' at *Chasers*. With continual promises that their performance will end with the coming of 'goat', *TISM*'s fiasco explodes onto the stage complete with a supporting cast of 20 in formal attire. As their squealing rubbish draws to its conclusion, a huge white banner with the word 'goat' painted on it is lowered and, for reasons unknown to all, especially *TISM*, a cage is brought out and uncovered to reveal a live duck.

TISM give an interview with the glossy, up market *Follow Me* magazine wearing huge ridiculous costumes in the middle of a busy St. Kilda pizza parlour. They answer *Follow Me*'s hopeful questions with verbatim slabs of John Lennon's *Playboy* interview, whilst fiddling simultaneously with five cassette players. Not surprisingly, *Follow Me* doesn't bother to print the story.

TISM release a mini-album entitled *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion* in November. Side one, entitled *Form*, contained three tracks recorded in the studio, whilst the other side, entitled *Meaning*, contained five tracks recorded in their own bedroom, including an unlisted country version of *Defecate On My Face*.

The cover contained huge, mind-numbing spiels about 'form' and 'meaning' and a fold out poster featuring another pointless definition of rock music. These definitions were supposedly taken from Chapers 7 and 9 of TISM's *Guide To Little Aesthetics*, a fictional publication that does not exist. Another puerile in-joke.

The record quickly went to number one on the alternative charts — a meaningless development.

Complimentary copies were sent to the rock press, accompanied

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by a series of reviews written by *TISM*[1] which ranged from mindlessly positive to totally vindictive and damning. *RAM*'s John Encarno, perhaps annoyed at having his job done for him, tried extremely hard to outline that he wasn't one of *TISM*'s dupes, and that he had thought of ways to criticise *TISM* that even they hadn't thought of. Quite a fine effort, really.

TISM begin a mini-tour with *Big Pig* in Melbourne. On Friday night at the *Prince of Wales* 1,100 people squeeze in, whilst *The Club* closed the door at 10:30 on Saturday night.

TISM and *Big Pig* hit Adelaide's *Le Rox*. *TISM* are greeted with shocked silence by the unprepared Adelaide crowd, which refuses to go any nearer than 20 feet from the stage. Just like the good old days.

TISM complete the tour in Sydney, where they are received rapturously at the *Graphics Art Club* and abused at *The Kardomah Kafe*.

TISM completes the year with an invitation only performance at *The Club* which is filmed for the SBS show *The Noise* and a New Year's Eve performance with Paul Kelly and *The Coloured Girls* upstairs at *The Venue* to a crowd of 2,000.

Annette Shun-Wah describes *TISM* as a "warped aerobics class" as their performance is screened on *The Noise* and repeated twice later due to viewer demand. Why, oh why? Meanwhile *TISM* begin a three month hibernation period.

In February 1987 *TISM* is awarded the "Most Original New Band" in the 3RRR/Najee Rock Awards. They briefly appear to assault the trophy with bunches of flowers.

In March *TISM* return to the public in an unannounced, unpublicised 25 minute performance in front of 20 unlucky people at *The Prince of Wales*.

First official performances for the year occurred on the 10th and 11th of April at *The Club*. Wearing paintings on their heads *TISM* perform new material to full houses on both nights.

1 See page 186

TISM perform at the disastrous 'Superfest'. They are ordered on 45 minutes before their scheduled starting time and thus spend most of their shortened set performing to a handful of unfortunates in a giant freezing tent. Fitting, really.

An Interview With Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun From *This Is Serious Mum*

Walking from Brienne in the direction of Soisson, passing Champaubert and Montmirail, and continuing until one came to the small town of Château Thierry is a journey that is quite sobering even if, like me, you are not fully *au fait* with the details of early nineteenth century French military history.

Despite the sunny enough day, looking around at the small farm gates and picking one's way across the partially laid roads is made less (or maybe more) engaging due to the fact that the earth you are strolling over is the site of the battle of Waterloo. Stranger still, from one neat farm house emanates turgid 12-bar blues music. Well, I suppose if you have been asked to interview Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun from *TISM* one almost expects this sort of scenario.

"What a shame," I reflected as I made my way towards the farm yard gate, "that Dela Hot-Croix Bun lives in Dingley." So that's where I went to record the interview that follows:

[Q] Your new E.P., *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion*, is to be released soon. Is it true that you have played in the Australian cricket team?

[A] I don't want to talk about that.

[Q] Ricky Barham retired this year, so why is it that you released *I'm Into Led Zep* despite having never played it live?

[A] Sorry, no. I can't comment.

[Q] Why is it that the *Meaning* side of your new E.P. is so roughly recorded? And what is the significant of calling one side *Form* and the other *Meaning*? Are you perhaps making a comment about the radical change in recording quality, or is there some lyrical or thematic reason?

[A] Look, could you pass me that bottle of eucalyptus rub?

[Q] Given that *TISM* play live so rarely, how is the band likely to perform on the up coming 6 date, 3 state *Big Pig/TISM* double header tour?

[A] Ah, listen, do you mind lacing this up while I get rubbed down?

[Q] I have made a short list of the literary allusions in your work, and it is not so short. *Mistah Eliot — He Wanker,* a song on your new E.P., in itself alludes to not only the poet but to his use of the quote "Mistah Kurtz — he dead" from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* in *The Wasteland.* In addition, Gerard Manly Hopkins, William Blake, John Keats, James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, John Donne (amongst others) are all referred to in your songs. Your own name seems similar to a French nineteenth century painter. How does this part of your music sit with the lyrical obscenity and the disco/pop nature of your music?

[A] (muttering) No pain, no gain. No pain, no gain. No pain, no gain. Sorry. I'll be dropping back for the kick off and pick up Dunstall at the bounce, or Ayres if Dunstall plays back.

[Q] On your new E.P. *Take Your Love* seems to be the song that refutes the implication I made in my last question that *TISM* are only a disco/pop band. There seems to be a whole body of your music that is not seen live. Though many, if not all, of your songs live are basically dance songs, there is another, more enigmatic, almost 'studio' song form that you employ. I'm thinking of songs like *Pus Of The Dead* from *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance* or *The Love You Take Equals The Love You Make, So Baby Won't You Bang My Box* from *The Vic Hugo Experience —Are You Miserable?* All these songs, songs that the public don't get the chance to hear, seem to make my last question fundamentally misdirected.

[A] Got any uppers, pal?

[Q] None the less, misdirecting the public seems sometimes to be the main aim of your publicity. Comic, obscene, even fascist overtones appear in your work. Incongruity, mixed with an absurdist satiric stance, leaves the audience of *TISM* often wondering if they are satisfied or not. Has *This Is Serious Mum* any real defence against the predicament they may find themselves in, of being misinterpreted?

[A] I've gotta go now.

[Q] What was that siren?

[A] (to another) Where's the Magic Macedonian?

[Q] Sorry?

[A] 'pies. 'pies. 'pies.

Another Do it, *Dela*. Do it

[Q] Your stage act. Can I...

[A] 'pies. 'pies. Kill.

[Q] The masks tend to imply more than they state. Is there any overt reason for your anonymity?

[A] (receding into the distance, yelling) Arrrgghh! Go Boys. Go for it. They're weak as piss. Do it.

Another Go for it, *Dela*. Do it, fellas. Do it.

END

July 1986

Official List Of People *TISM Respect*

IDI AMIN

PETE BEST

MOLLY MELDRUM'S PROCTOLOGIST

LOBBY LLOYDE'S ORTHODONTIST

ATTILA THE HUNTSMAN

DORIS STOKES

TROTSKY'S OFFICIAL BOOT STUDDER —
RALPH 'Hoots' McDESIRE
(Known affectionately to his friends as 'IRONMONGER')

HARALD SCHUMACHER

THE MAN WHO PUNCHED MARILYN

BARLOW & CHAMBERS

TED NUGENT

TED MULRY

TED HEATH

TED WHITTEN

TED COMMANDMENTS (The)

July 1986

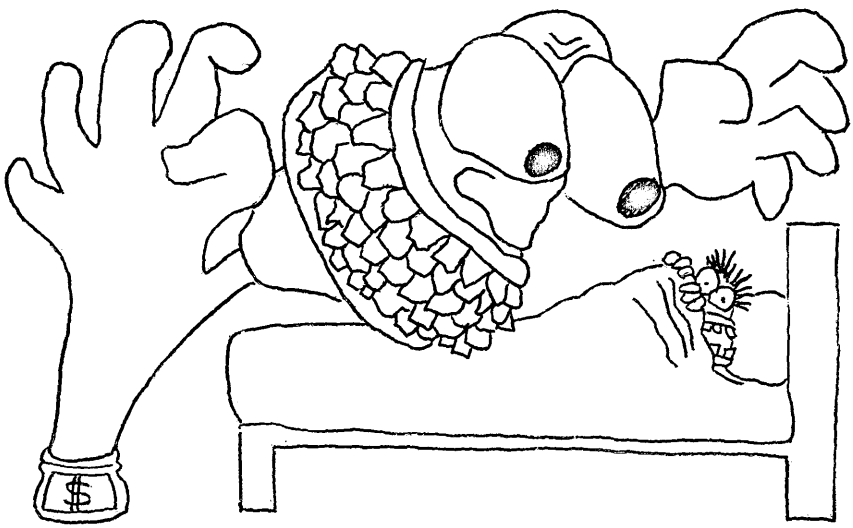

Fig. 6 All Ordinaries Index

All Ordinaries Index

All ordinaries index: it screams out in the night
it haunts me to my bed
it fills my room with loathing
it never leaves my side.

All ordinaries index: take me from this aching
rid me of my sentence
send me back to caring
give me rest and shelter.

August 1986

I Drive A Truck

Truck you *Australia Felix*
Truck you the sheep's back
Truck you Tasmania
Truck you Big Mac

I drive a truck.

Truck you scotch and soda
Truck you underground
Truck you the enigmatic *coda*
Truck you lost and found

Truck you cunt burger cheese
Truck you pubic hair
Truck you "if you please"
Truck you five bucks a pair

Truck you inspiration
Truck you across the nation
Truck you Olivia Newton-John
Truck you, oh I got a *shlong*.

October 1986

TISM's Guide To The Little Aesthetics

Your Questions Answered

[Q] What stance do *TISM* hold in regard to Jim Morrison?

[A] How many bricks could he shift in the morning before smoko? When it was cold, did he wear brick gloves, or were his hands calloused enough for him to do without? What did he feel when first walking onto the building site, and saw all the off-cuts, half-bricks, white and yellow sand heaps, cement bags, lime bin, mixer and wood frame? Did he like his life as a bricky's labourer, or did he ever wish, as he looked around the lot, to become a big rock star?

[Q] Who does Huge Race think he is fooling?

[A] TISM have consistently argued, ever since the partitioning of the Palestine, that 'Hugo Race' has no legitimacy. They do not recognise 'Hugo Race' as being in any way real, and fully support the struggles of those people trying to regain their homeland by abolishing him.

[Q] How many members are there in *TISM*; who are they; and what do they play?

[A] You are all members of *This Is Serious Mum*. We died so that you may live in us. Thomas, do you want to put your fingers in the hole left by the nails? Do you wish to see my wounds, can you feel my breath on your cheek as your hand slowly presses into the mark of the spear? Thomas.

[Q] What is the band line-up?

[A] 1. **Jock Cheese** — Bass; Straight left forearm to the right side of the face; Vocals.

2. **Humphrey B. Flaubert** — Vocals; I didn't feel anything, even after I woke up in hospital; Drum rhythms; Dance.

3. **Leak Van Vlalen** — Guitar; You are severely reprimanded, but due to your good record you incur no suspension; Vocals.

4. **Jon St. Peenis** — Sax; I am very grateful for this opportunity, and I just want to play well on Saturday; Dance; Synthesizer.

5. **Ron Hitler-Barassi** — Vocals; I'm sorry, we don't wish to make any further comment; Dance.

6. **Les Misérables** — Vocals; Just one more question, do you think this blemishes your image as an example to young children?; Dance.

7. **Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun** — Vocals; Why don't you buzz off, pal? You are scum, you and all your journalist friends; Synthesizer.

[Q] Will *TISM* ever get on *Countdown*? Has the band any ambitions in that direction?

[A] Yes. *TISM* very much want to appear on *Countdown*, but only if Hugo Race comperes the show and promises to sing *Jump In My Car* with *The Ted Mulry Gang*.

[Q] Hugo Race?

[A] No, Daffy Duck is my favourite cartoon character.

[Q] Has *TISM* ever been in love? What does *TISM* think of love?

[A] Yes, of course love exists. *TISM* just very much doubts that it will ever find the right girl, and often sits lonely at discos and parties thinking, "When will I ever meet someone I really like?"

[Q] What is *TISM's* new E.P. called? Explain, with examples.

[A] TISM's new E.P. is called *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion.* It is dedicated to all those happy self satisfied high school students who have just completed their final year. Now you have every reason to be cocky. You can get drunk, and just getting drunk, *just the fact you are drunk,* thrills you. Parade around, young people, parade around with all your arrogance. It can be seen that you think you are somehow better than both the children younger than you and the boring, unhappy adults you know. You can laugh and swear and smoke and talk loudly on public transport.

But for all your youth, you too will become like those you now look pityingly down upon. You all will have obligations, grow old, catch diseases, be happy or unhappy with your marriage, live your lives with no outstanding joy. Ugliness and unhappiness will devour you just as much as anyone else.

And remember this, you cocky, handsome people — remember that your decline into mediocrity is not the fault of the adult world you so despise, but springs from the fact that you too are weak, deceitful, unexceptional; just like everyone else, the lines on your face will appear not because of the tension and pressure of this conservative society, but because of the basic flaws that lie deep within each and every one of you.

[Q] Do *TISM* see themselves as being in any way clever or special?

[A] Well, I suppose in some ways I am a special person. Not too many people have the intelligence I have, and there is an element of thought in everything I do.

However, *TISM* does not consider itself in any way special, except possibly in the sense that it holds this view of itself. Certainly, it thinks that "...no-one in rock could ever claim to be a genius, or even especially talented. Every person in rock uses a form of expression so limited that nothing of lasting value will ever be created. Rock, by definition, is transitory

and one dimensional..."[1]

Because of this basic limitation, which affects rock music at its very core, there has sprung up a whole camouflaged infrastructure that serves to try and extend rock music beyond its confined perimeters. This infrastructure is called the rock 'industry'. Its main objective is to use rock music to make money, and to do this it must some how try to overcome the limited appeal of rock music.

It has therefore made music merely the common ingredient in a 'product' whose main appeal is generated by factors other than musical enjoyment. By the creation of an 'image' the music — and of course the musician — is placed in a context of great seductive attractiveness to many people. "[M]usic and 'image' are indistinguishable, and both tap into the potent reservoirs of self-delusion and vicarious enjoyment..."[2]

There is an image for every character type. You want to annoy your parents? Buy a *X-men* record. Be intellectual? *Talking Heads*. Aggressive? Heavy Metal. Arty? *Smiths*. Romantic? David Sylvian. And so it goes. "[B]y taking an essentially transitory music form and giving it these associations, 'Rock' (with a capital 'R') becomes something that appeals to the perennial and permanent desires of people..."[3]

Two further things should be noted. The first is that the appeal of rock music is very potent in advanced technological society because it is only in these societies that its members have enough time and money to indulge in these sorts of self-satisfactions. In poorer societies unhappiness, self-hate (*etc. etc.*) must merely be borne by the individual, and be collectively transposed to an external object (like 'God' or 'the Devil'). But

1 *Guide To Little Aesthetics* (Elvis Books, 1989), Chapter 7.
2 *Ibid.*
3 *Ibid.*

in an affluent society a more decadent, though less primitive, palliative can be sought.

Secondly "because the appeal of rock music lies essentially *not* in the valid form of the music, but in a basically illegitimate appeal grafted on to that form, the satisfactions to be gained from any single creation within that form are extremely dubious. This basic artificiality means rock's appeal is to the less admirable, more self-deceiving elements in a person's nature. The corruption of its appeal ensures the objectionable quality of what that appeal feeds on..."[1]

The only really worthwhile or lasting achievement of rock music is the sum of its transitory elements. Though each musician or band, no matter of what longevity, is at core limited, the whole historical achievement of this form of music is quite great. All rock music is flawed, and therefore within these limitations. The only thing that could be seen as of genuine, lasting value is the form itself, which, no matter who is using it, seems to be able to capture and express an essential element of our natures.

In conclusion: buy *TISM*'s new E.P. *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion*, at your local record bar. So *TISM* says: "Let them eat cake". The Marie Antoinettes of rock 'n' roll just want to give you a good time. Grab your blue suede shoes, punters, and get down for the aural guillotine, OOOhh, boogie. OOOOhh boogie. OOOOOhh boogie. OOOOOOhhh boooggie. OOOOhhh. OOOOOOOhhhh. OOOOOOOOhhhh. OOOOOOOOOhhhhh.

October 1986

1 *Ibid.*

Record Reviewing

Instructions to Candidates:

You have three hours, with fifteen minutes reading time. Do not write on this paper; use the booklets provided.

Answer two (2) questions from part A, two (2) questions from part B, one (1) question from part C and one (1) question from part D.

Candidates are advised that all parts are worth equal marks, and time should be allotted accordingly. Do not read the exam paper until told to do so.

PART A 1

THE CRITIQUE

The artist that refutes the validity of his own chosen art form is a particularly modern phenomenon. Jarry's *Ubu* plays, for instance, stand Colossus-like, one giant foot placed on the shore of modernity, the other crushingly deposited on the precipice of self disgust. It surely must be the incremental nausea of the twentieth century that produces this Janus faced self-expression, the deprivation of human dignity (if indeed that phrase still has any utility in 1987) is all, with a bastard art-form struggling like an aborted phoenix to rise out of the ashes.

But this is not to argue that such artists are unworthy. Perhaps they are just more honest, or at least more *attuned*, than the artist who adores and asks others to adore. So it is with *This Is Serious Mum*. Here rock music is convulsively regurgitating its own bile, and *Form And Meaning Reaches Ultimate Communion* (12 inch Elvis Records) is the spittoon. Lyrically, musically, even the cover art, all proclaim the modernist predicament of alienation and convolution. But *TISM* know that the *process* is all; that, like Yeats, one cannot distinguish the dancer from the dance. So they sing like characters in search of an author — or notes in search of an instrument.

Do not be fooled. When *TISM* scream *Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush* they are not joining the ranks of teenage Nihilists pandering to a half baked interpretation of whatever Neitzche novel they have unread on their bookshelf. *This Is Serious Mum* — even the name is mocking enough to assure us that *TISM* disdain this particularly adolescent form of bad faith. But like K in Kafka's *The Castle*, they know that knowledge is not enough; that the paradox of modernity ensures that even freedom from illusion does not mean one escapes entrapment. Indeed, it merely confirms that perhaps illusion is the only freedom.

Thus *TISM* sing:

> Tend, tend tend,
> Tend to your trodden lives
> While I, I, I,
> Poke you between the eyes. (*Root*)

Just what *This Is Serious Mum* affirm is perhaps beyond precise description. There is a *weltanschauung*, but this world vision denies both the possibility of vision and the existence of universality. This goes beyond the darkness of hopelessness, and spreads instead the false light; but it is a light that *TISM* admit is false, leaving us — well, where? Who really has the answers?

PART A 2

THE SLAG OFF

Ho ho ho. Well it's Christmas again and Santa has dropped in yet another oh so witty record from those oh so witty clown princes of scam pop, *This Is Serious Mum* (or *'TISM'* as their mock corporate propaganda would have it.) If it were another day in another place, perhaps I would say this is new, this is fun. But sadly it is now 1987, and *TISM*'s garbage bin of *Sigue Sigue* cliches is rattling near empty.

Behind the patronising bombast of the record's title, behind the almost mesmeric tedium of the liner notes, behind the name-dropping pseudo intellectualism of the subject matter, there is a void. What is behind those masks, indeed. This record is a collection of cheap advertising gimmicks — all contrivance and no substance. *TISM* invite the listener to consume their great joke without a punchline, and give nothing in return. Their product is more offensive than *Wa Wa Nee,* who are at least honest about what they are trying to sell.

'Form and Meaning' indeed. Try 'All Form and No Content'.

PART B 1

THE SERIOUSLY POSITIVE ARTICLE

Since the arrival of Melbourne's *This Is Serious Mum* on the scene last year, the question on everyone's lips has been "what does it all mean?" And those who have been frustrated in a search for answers react with malice. *TISM* are called sexist, fascist, plagiarist, everythingist. The

reactions *TISM* have provoked tells more about the current state of our music scene than about the band itself. *TISM* present the public with a series of dead-end stairways which, to my amazement, people continually try to climb again and again.

One of the many blind alleys the media have run into is the accusation that *TISM* are just full of gimmicks. And they indeed are. But those people who get offended by this are missing the point so badly. The point is this: *TISM* are basically a pop group. Strip away the weird ideas, strip away the propaganda and you still have a group who make a peculiarly enticing form of dance music. Why do so many people see the group live time and time again? Because they are catchy, because they are sharp, because they groove. O.K., so they don't exude passion and commitment, so they won't change the course of rock music... Does anyone? Who cares? If we all go around singing the latest song of love lost, or love gained or love thrown away, why can't we sing "crash through or crash, Gough Whitlam said that"? In the end, which one means more? I would sing the latter, because it's more fun. The choice is that simple.

TISM's mini album *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion* works on the same premise. O.K., the cover, the title, the liner notes are a load of weird nonsense. Does it have to make sense? Does *Big Audio Dynamite* make sense? Does *The The* make sense? Do we worry about their liner notes? No, we buy the record and enjoy the music, and *TISM*'s slightly unhinged electro hip-hop is as interesting and intoxicating as any of its contemporaries. This record sees *TISM* stretching out, and beneath the straightforward hook-laden pop, they bring together incongruous slabs of heavy-metal psychedelia and country and western in a way that other bands would be too concerned about their credibility to try. And any record that gets me singing *Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush* without a *Birthday Party* dirge accompanying it must be worth a listen.

The band is called *This Is Serious Mum*. If you take them literally when they say that, you deserve what you get.

PART B 2

THE 50 WORD ADJECTIVAL ROLLER-COASTER

A] Rude boys *This Is Serious Mum* have a nifty line in penile dementia that snaps around the heels of mainstream rock. Cracking chorus lines and disco beat power along, but whether this is the engine room or the caboose of rock I wouldn't want to say. Not for the teenies.

B] A nasty bit of New Year's cheer, *TISM* sort through the yule time, carping and cadaverously condemning the good times. Or the bad times. If you've got the time, *TISM*'s got the place. That much is for certain.

C] *TISM* read us more from their own encyclopedia of insanity, and with a little help of a thesaurus us ignoramuses will not only find out what 'dialectic' means, we will boogie. If you think you're better than everyone else, this could be the record to put on your bookshelf.

PART C 1

THE STUPID BUT FAVOURABLE ARTICLE

The clown princes of everything, *This Is Serious Mum*, have done it again. These guys (if guys they are!) are determined to poke their tongues out at anything and everything, and I like it! I can't begin to describe to you this record, you'll just have to get it yourself. *TISM* (as their fans call them) are just weird. They sound like nothing you've ever heard, and what they look like is anyone's guess. But their music gets you moving; that is if you aren't riveted by the assault on your senses.

Some of your friends mightn't be able to handle *TISM*; some of your other records might have to make way; maybe even you mightn't be able to take it. But I can, and I'm sure you can too.

PART D 1

THE MILDLY INTELLECTUAL PANNING

Every art form has its plagiarists; rock music has *This Is Serious Mum*. At the heart they are cowards, smart enough not to show their faces but obnoxious enough to raise their voices like a drunken lout at a performance of Pinter. Bereft of ideas, they resort to a sickening mixture of toilet humour and third rate musical malice.

Form And Meaning Reaches Ultimate Communion is the latest offering from these school kids. If, as Samuel Johnston says, "Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel" then surely the shelter-shed is the last refuge of the witless. And the shelter-shed is where *This Is Serious Mum* were conceived, and that is where they stay. This record is feeble in every way. It is feebly recorded, feebly packaged and, most damagingly, feebly thought out. The only thing funny about this joke is that someone expects you to pay eleven bucks to hear it.

PART D 2

THE MILDLY FAVOURABLE ARTICLE

Just when I thought I'd hock my record collection and move to Sydney, Melbourne turns up a platter that makes me clean the dust off my needle. *This Is Serious Mum*'s E.P. *Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion* is a diverting potpourri of obscenity, literary references and belting music. Apparently *TISM* (as they have come to label themselves) have been screwing up for a while, and if they haven't yet quite made it an art form this record shows they aren't doing too badly at it either.

The music itself is squeezed between backward tapes with messages from 'Monsignor Lucifer Beelzebub', Leroy Brown out-takes and throat-gashing screams of abuse. The best I can do is refer you to the *Residents, Devo*, or even the brash spirit of early *Skyhooks*. No matter, here is a record (complete with free give away poster) that kept me amused, and that is rarity these days.

PART D 3

THE EQUATION

Runs scored:	168
Balls remaining:	36
Current Run Rate:	3.2
Runs required:	48
Required run rate:	6.02

November 1986

I'm Interested In Apathy

I know how to cheat at Tattslotto,
I got a great idea for a song,
I know the truth about Marilyn Monroe,
I can prove Einstein's theory wrong.

I can predict mankind's fate,
I know where there's oil in Bass Strait,
All the deserts I could irrigate,
All the poor I could emancipate.

But that's not what motivates me.
I'm interested in apathy.

I've got the cure for all known disease,
I can make money grow on trees,
I know how to stop terrorism,
I know one of the guys in *TISM*.

That's not what motivates me —
None of this petty stuff for me —
I'm not into this pedantry,
I'm interested in apathy.

Well, here we are at the last verse.

I've lost interest.

March 1987

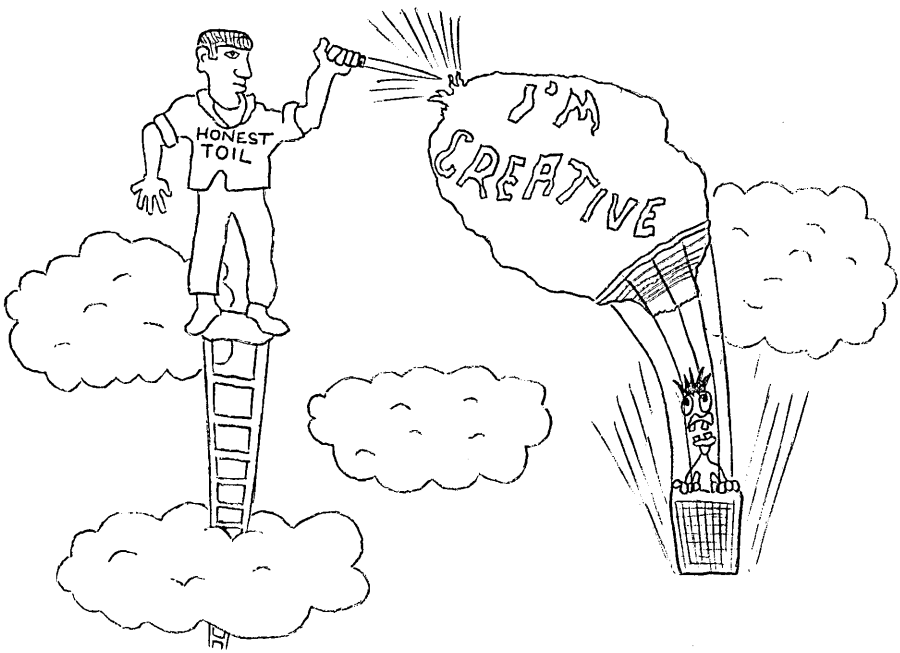

Fig. 7 If You're Creative, Get Stuffed

If You're Creative, Get Stuffed

My dad's a builder,
His friend's a plumber.
They're getting cancer
And you can get stuffed.

He works like a nigger
For a moderate figure,
We're not underprivileged
But you can get stuffed.

[If you're creative
You can get stuffed.]

If you paint like Picasso, unlearn it
If you've written *Ulysses*, burn it
If you're Flaubert, why trouble?
I do my best work with a shovel
And you can get stuffed.

Their work involves toil —
They dig in the soil
Sweat on their foreheads —
And you can get stuffed.

My dad's better than your dad,
I'm better than you,
Your dad's in advertising
And you'll be a *gigolo* too.
If you're an adman, artist, poet or actor,
Student, tutor, writer, chiropractor,
If you design clothing,
Or make a living from posing,
If you paint pictures,
Or run a boutique for bitches,

If you deal in antiques,
Or anything *chic*,
If your career involves feeling,
Instead of hauling and kneeling,
Here's the end of the matter —
You can get stuffed.

April 1987

The Mordialloc Road Duplicator[1]

I was born in the emergency lane
Of a 6-lane German auto bahn,
The opening of the first 8 lane fly-over
Was my old father's favourite yarn,
I'd knew that I'd be, sooner or later,
The famous Mordialloc Road duplicator.[2]

[All you people on Christmas vacation
Here is the reason for jubilation:
There ain't no better road works in the nation
Than the Mordialloc Road duplication.]

From lower Springvale it's the Frankston freeway
Until you get to that bitumen stain
That runs between two fine divided road highways,
Happy people trapped in its invidious single lane.
If you're behind a truck or interstate freighter
Say, "Thank god for the Mordialloc Road duplicator".

So I work for the R.C.A.
I got big bulldozers and earth shifters
I dig all those cut away slopes
With 700 tonne capacity lifters.
If you're interested in roadworks, see me later —
I'm the Mordialloc Road duplicator

1 Mordialloc is on the Mornington Peninsular, which has the closest beaches to Melbourne. Most of the other place names in this song are also on the Peninsular.

2 Not included on the album version, but retrieved from the original manuscript.

One day all the way from central city to Portsea
It'll be all big divided freeways
There'll be turn offs to Tootgarook,
Cranbourne, Frankston, and Five Ways
The whole peninsular will be my crater —
I'm the Mordialloc Road duplicator.

April 1987

I'm Into Led Zep

Turn off the radio
I've taken a drastic step
From now on
I'm into Led Zep

["Crash through or crash"
Gough Whitlam said that.]

They don't do interviews
And they own a jet
From now on
I'm into Led Zep

Album number four
Still ain't got a title yet
From now on
I'm into Led Zep

It's seventies rock
The worst you can get
From now on
I'm into Led Zep

Jimmy Page — best axe man
You wanna bet?
From now on
I'm into Led Zep

It's seventies rock
The worst you can get
From now on
I'm into Led Zep.

April 1987

Fig. 8 Anarchy Means Crossing When It Says "Don't Walk"

Anarchy Means Crossing When It Says "Don't Walk"

Got my money in my pocket
Got my guitar in my hand
Got my copy of *Das Kapital*
Gonna go down to the library (and read it)

Got my needle and my syringe
Got my freedom from the world
Got to kill my mum and dad
Then I want to get into real estate

Music is my ticket to freedom
Rock's my passport out of here
But I'd rather wear a shirt and collar
And get fat drinking beer.

April 1987

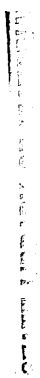

Fig. 9 The Mystery Of The Artist Explained

The Mystery Of The Artist Explained

I've been working 76 hours per week
I hate every moment
But I do it because
Somehow I like the pain.
I'm fucked in the head.

When I was five years old
I was in love with my sister
I still have a deep attraction
To women with faces like her.
I'm fucked in the head.

Deep down I'm guilty still
About my treatment of my peers
I used to think they were the fiddle
I was Nero and Rome was burning.
I'm fucked in the head.

April 1987

Chapter 4
Berlin, 1929

***TISM* RECORDS THE next single,** *40 Years — Then Death* b/w *The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped*, in May 1987 at Platinum studios in Melbourne with Chris Corr.

TISM go through their 'Rose Period' for two nights at *The Prince of Wales*, drawing 600 and 900 people respectively. They open with a slide display of the *List of People* TISM *Want to Get Fucked.* They play illuminated by shades of red only and while they perform an artist covers the backdrop with a giant mural. A waste of time.

In June 1987 *TISM* headline their first campus show at Melbourne University. During two power failures *TISM* prove they can still orchestrate an unmitigated disaster.

TISM soil the cover of *Beat* magazine and subsequently play the *Beat* Warehouse Party. In the freezing, squalid gloom the audience are granted ten minutes of beautiful, beautiful silence as *TISM*'s power supply cuts out. Sadly, nothing is permanent in this world. *TISM* return to stage. In disgust someone in the audience rips out their lower dentures and leaves them in the band's dressing room. *TISM*, suitably chastened, spend the next two months undergoing complex dental surgery.

In September *TISM* pay a return visit to Stephen 'Jeremy' Walker's *Skull Cave.* The blubbering 3RRR programme director is covered in a sheet as the band, instruments and all, file into the tiny studio and explode into a chaotic live version of their new song *The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie.* Listeners all over Melbourne tune into 101.9 FOX-FM.

After a blessed two months of silence, *TISM* return to play *The Prince of Wales* to mark the release of *40 Years — Then Death.* In a typi-

cally empty gesture, the band passes a 10 foot cardboard facsimile of the record to the audience, who subsequently destroy it. This neatly symbolises the depths to which both *TISM* and their audience have descended.

The single is released with no label, no artwork and no identification, in a clear plastic cover. This appears to mark *TISM*'s intention to return to their obscure roots; however, the move fails and the record sells. In fact, it becomes the first *TISM* song to be deemed playable by EON-FM[1], a vicious insult that surely only the band themselves would have drawn pleasure from.

TISM also ruin the RMIT *Centenary Ball* at the Melbourne Town Hall. They played.

John Peters — possibly the only man more stupid than *TISM* — surveys in disgust as the brainwashed youth of Melbourne push *40 Years — Then Death* to number 3 on the EON-FM 'Top 8 at 8' in October. Peters' lame excuse: he doesn't pick them, he only plays them. One crushingly deluded youth even rings the station to impersonate a member of *TISM*. If only he knew.

TISM play two shows at the *Old Greek Theatre*. At the first, 1,000 people squeeze in to experience discomfort as only *TISM* can guarantee. Giant cartoon slides accompany *TISM*'s petty ode to girls at *Chasers*[2], whilst giant phosphorescent numbers perch atop the *TISM* members' heads.

TISM attempt to repeat their ten minutes of silence at the *Beat* Party a few months earlier, as the power is completely cut twice during the set. Sadly, *TISM* return after each power failure. On the second night, *TISM* play to a special no alcohol, under 18 audience. The great majority of the youngsters ignore the band to concentrate on courting each other. There is more wisdom in children than men know.

TISM prepare their motor mowers for a second visit to Sydney in December. They prepare with two full house shows at *The Corner Hotel*. *TISM* stomp onstage with their heads immersed in flowers and

1 Now 3MMM-FM.

2 See page 117.

the horticultural imagery is completed when two motormowers are wheeled on during the last song, filling the room with dangerous, acrid fumes. On the second night, *TISM* become perhaps the first band in history to have a lawnmower stolen from a rock and roll show.

After re-stocking their lawnmower supply, *TISM* complete another whirlwind tour of Sydney. The lawnmowers go with them everywhere, including the studios of 2JJJ. After cruising through Kings Cross to find some quiche, *TISM* burst into 2JJJ to explain their 'Get Rich Quiche' theory.

Later that evening *TISM* further alienates the already alienated Sydney audiences with the first of two shows at the *Trade Union Club*. During a rendition of *U2, Brute?*[1]— which asserts that Adolf Hitler invented rock and roll — one distressed punter yelled out "fascists" and is immortalised on tape for future use. The Sydney audiences somehow warmed to this, the coldest of bands, and the barriers to *TISM*'s tedious infection continue to erode.

TISM complete another wasted year with a New Year's Eve show at the *Old Greek Theatre*. *Blue Ruin*, *TISM*'s special guests, return for an encore dressed in balaclavas, a superb gesture of mockery which is largely ignored by the drunken fools baying for *TISM*.

In an act of solidarity, *TISM* themselves indicate their own low standing during the performance by staging, and winning, the *1987 Fuckwit of the Year Award*. Tough competition came from Derryn Hinch, the Channel Ten News Team and *Dogs In Space*. The masses remain unconvinced, even when the band present them with a set of 15 foot high *TISM* letters which are obliterated within seconds. The fact that, after all this, the audience continues to cheer, sends the disillusioned *TISM* members back into hiding.

1 See page 127.

Fig. 10 The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie

The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie

There's nothing on TV but a thing
Called *Scarecrow and Mrs. King*
You sit and watch it while your wife
Becomes the plaything of another man's life.
It don't bother me, I'm a toady
I'm John Bonham's coke roadie.

Your life is terrifically out of step
But so what? — I'm with the Zep.
I don't wash dishes or pay the rent
I just depend on John getting bent.
It don't bother me, I'm a toady
I'm John Bonham's coke roadie.

It's amazing what goes through your brain
As you frantically sweep the white grains.
Think of fidelity! Think of the fools!
Marriage destroys you — stick to drum stools.
It don't bother me, I'm a toady
I'm John Bonham's coke roadie.

We tour through cities, I see life
And some one is next to your wife
The only thing that can't be canned
Is setting up a hi-hat stand.
It don't bother me, I'm a toady
I'm John Bonham's coke roadie.

May 1987

The *TISM* Rose Period

So you have to go to work tomorrow? Who doesn't? You think I don't? You think you are the only one whom the world has blighted? Life is a curse, work is a toil and reward is a dream.

Heavens. Every artist seems to pass through successive stages of development. Joyce moved from Ireland to Europe, Eliot from America to Britain, Dunstal from wing to full forward. Being in a rock band is great, though. I get to drop a hint about it, and suddenly become a pretty interesting sort of guy. I'm going through a stage: so too are you. Freud's oral-anal, Marx's dialectical view of history, Darwin's evolution — all the world is a stage, you needn't be on one to be in one.

As everyone knows, the true artists that emerge from the angst-ridden inner city tax bracket — you know, the people who look like they're wearing black pine cones on their heads — all these artists go through stages. So it's about time *TISM* did too. Therefore, to prove that we're truly creative (and continually question the ways of knowing that are circumscribed by the flamboyant contradictions of our art) we proudly announce our:

ROSE PERIOD

Let's look back at some of the other stages in the rich tapestry of creative history:

1. Picasso's blue period: Rather like Elvis Costello's country 'n' western album.

2. Bowie's 'Stardust' era: I never liked him because he is so flagrantly a fairy.

3. Donatello's bronze statuettes: Built on Antonio's work in brass *c.* 1515, Donatello's response to those violently expressive nudes

was to scrutinize and reaffirm the physical beauty of man. Triffically boring.

4. The Renaissance: Unimportant.

5. Baroque Art: Pissed and baroque. (Boom boom. Take my wife. No one else will.)

6. Byzantine tapestry: Not as good as rock video shows.

7. Medieval metal work: Not as good as rock video shows.

8. Chinese culture: Not as good as rock video shows.

9. Athenian tragedy: The stylised masks, stage garment of frills and brightly coloured ornamental design, and characters flawed by arrogance and inflated self-image all combine to provide the inspiration for rock video shows.

10. Islam: Nearly as significant as *Sgt. Peppers*, but stereo recording wasn't in use yet.

So we come to *TISM*'s ROSE PERIOD. We are going to question the very fundamentals of our art. And by the time we've finished, so will you.

May 1987

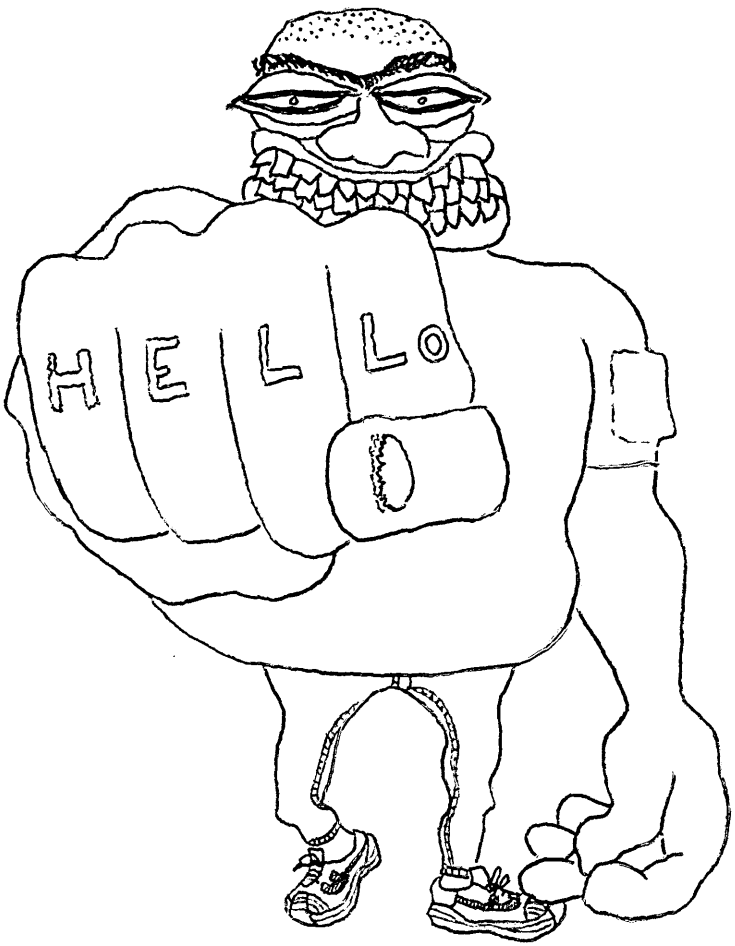

Fig. 11 The Fosters Car Park Boogie

The *Fosters*[1] Car Park Boogie

I'm a bogan baby, always was,
I'm only happy when I punch a mod
And in walked this pine headed turd,
I looked at my mates and said, "Thank you God".

Died black hair, done all spiky,
Saw him laugh when they played *Bon Jovi*,
Had a jacket on just like a bikie —
If there's a bigger mod, could you please show me?

[Snot-nosed, jumped up little bludger
When I see you, I just wanna punch ya.]

Me and my mates were gathered round
What was on? — well nothing much
Had me pair of mockers on
And denims nearly crushed my crutch.

Thought I'd go into town,
But then I said, "Well, what the fuck",
Fosters car park, I've always found
Just hang out there and I'm in luck.

So we followed this guy out of the pub,
Told him "Rock 'n' roll will never die."
Then down on the dirty bitumen
Me mates and me showed him just why.

1 *Fosters* is one of the several large 'beer-barns' that are sprinkled throughout the outer reaches of suburban Melbourne. They are a magnet for middle class youth that are often known as 'yobs' or 'bogans'. 'Mods' — another social sub-culture — are opposed to the bogans.

Do you wanna die for art?
Do you wear black leather pants?
Come on down to Fosters car park
Me and the boys give you your chance.

June 1987

Martin Scorsese Is Really Quite A Jovial Fellow

Howdy champ, you been pickin' the daisies?
Feeling sort of morally lazy?
Ready to go mother truckin' crazy?
Hi! I'm Marty Scorsese.

Why don't we go catch a movie?
Something light hearted and woozy
About the killing of a teenage floozie
Or beating someone black and bluesy.

I got this mate called Robert De Niro
Like him a lot, he's a goddamn hero
Drop 'round there for a drink of beero
You'll start off happy, but soon you'll be feeling like zero.

[Just when I feel my happiness startin'
I keep on bumpin' into this guy called Martin.]

June 1987

(I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out

Why is Mick so dismissive
Of all those girls who want to be his missus?
And why are so many songs about
Girls on whom he has walked out?

[I think I've got Mick Jagger worked out.]

Why is his band called *The Rolling Stones*
Which implies a lack of an emotional home?
Way back before 1964,
What was it that made Mick so sore?

Tell me, tell me, what was the girl's name
That took Mick by the hand and patiently explained
Without arrogance or vanity or pouting or hating
That she will always prefer masturbating?

June 1987

TISM's Introduction To Drama

What does it take to be interested in drama?

About $45,000 per year. Also, you've got to be convinced you're better than everyone else. Maybe not a better artist, but certainly a better person.

What are the main benefits of an interest in drama?

You get to talk too loud, and can feel people up under the guise of 'impro exercises'.

What is the best drama ever written?

Undoubtedly *Waiting for Godot* by Irish playwright Samuel Beckett. Here is a complete text of the script:

[Curtain rises]

Estragon:	Hello.
Vladamir:	Hello.
Estragon:	Who are you waiting for?
Vladamir:	Godot.

[both wait in silence for 3—4 minutes]

Godot:	Hello boys.
Estragon & Vladamir:	Hi.
Godot:	Well, let's be off.
Together:	O.K.

[they leave]
[Curtain falls]

What is the worst thing you can do if you are interested in drama?

Pronounce 'Godot' so it rhymes with 'Fagott'.

What is the significance of Shakespeare?

Shakespeare is of immense importance. No need to read his plays, though. Just memorize these lines:

Macbeth: Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
'Till the last syllable of recorded time
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
Can I have a Rothman's please?

7/11 Shopkeeper: Sure, that's $2.50.

What is the appropriate approach to Chekhov?

For God's sake don't try and read him, because he's a boring, over-serious Russian prig. If anyone mentions him, just say, "The third scene of *Uncle Vanya*, I think" and look as if you've been sucked off by the whole of the Bolshoi Ballet (excluding the men, who are poofs).

Ibsen?

What you say, pal?

Brecht?

You wanna make something of it?

Pinter?

You're on pal. Lay one on. Right here...

[The two fight. The whole company exit, pursued by Genet and whole lot of other people whose surnames aren't pronounced like they're written. The audience are left to applaud, the volume of which is in direct proportion to the amount of boredom they would never admit to anyone they felt.]

June 1987

Plate 1. TISM *Congratulates the Worker.*

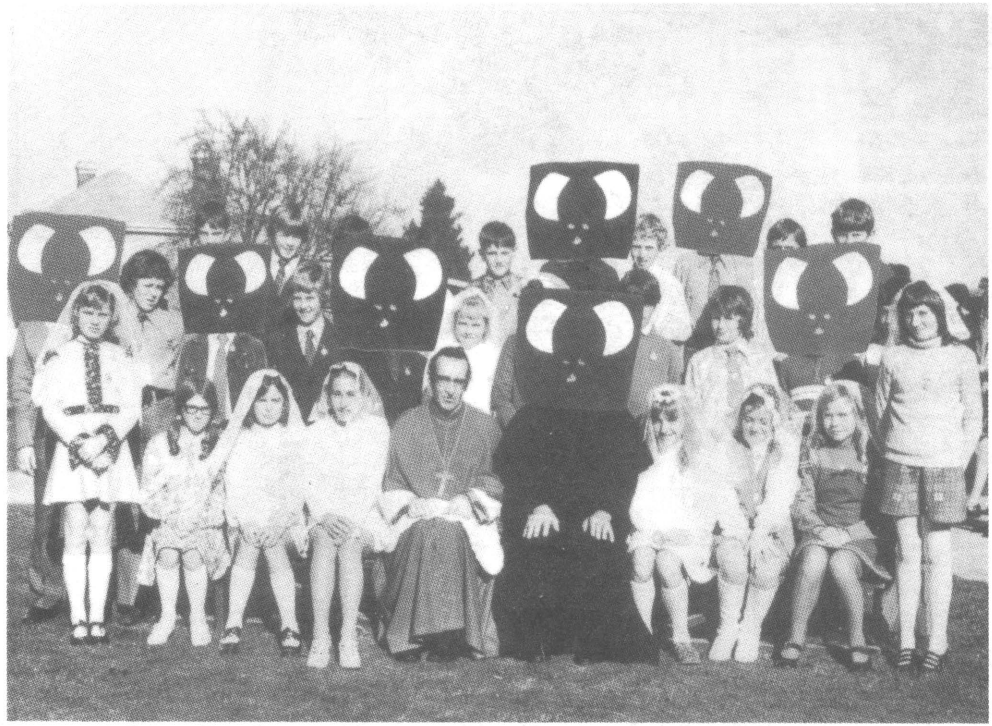

Plate 2. New York, 1987. Tiring of the hectic social world of the New York glitterati, TISM *retreat to missionary seclusion. Said Jon of this time: "We were all sick of Truman Capote coming up to us, saying 'I am a homosexual. I am an alcoholic. I am a drug addict. I am a ...' We punched the shit outa him before he could finish. Fucking wanker. Who's he think he is, a fucking genius or something?"*

Plate 3. Johns River, 1988.
TISM *at John's River with their favourite Midnight Oil cover band, "Kevin Borich Expressionism", during their "Aborigines Go Back to Your Own Country" tour.*

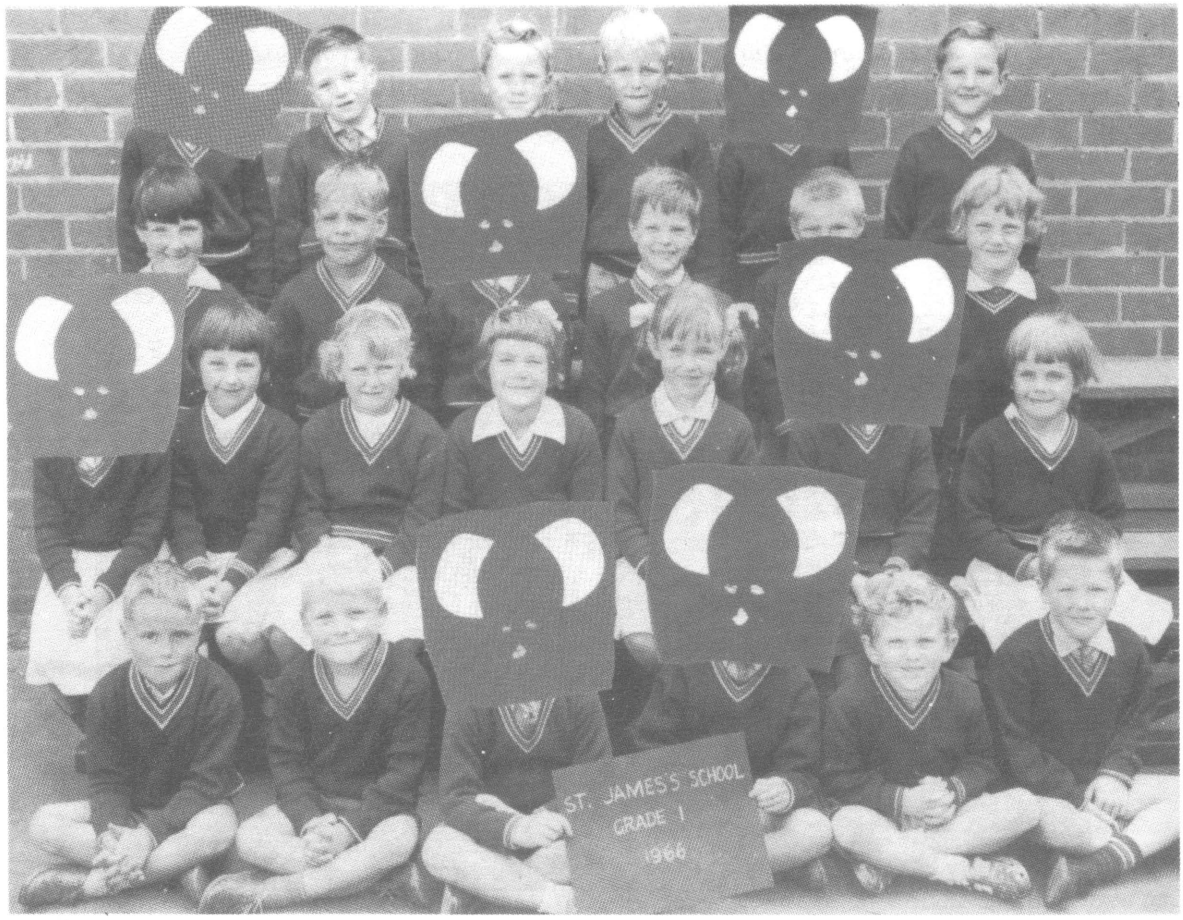

Plate 4. Toronto, 1988. TISM *on their 'Lock Up Your Daughters' tour of Canadian primary schools. This was an anti-drug promotion: "The only crack around here," Les told his adoring fans, "is the sound of a 5-year old pelvis snapping."*

Plate 5. TISM College of Artistic Credibility. Class of 1988.
Term fees: 1. Artistic credibility — $2,500. 2. Poverty stricken artistic credibility — $5,000.
3. TISM *— name a price.*

Plate 6. St. John of God Hospital, 1977.

TISM *in hospital after Humphrey's drug scare. "Someone offered me some scag", explains the recuperating Humphrey, "and I got scared." Ever light hearted, he adds: "What's the difference between a nurse and a bowling ball? A nurse is a specialist trained in medical procedure and a bowling ball is a large heavy spherical object used in a recreational context."*

Plate 7. Paris, 1990.
TISM*'s secret marriage to Princess Grace of Monaco can finally be announced. Divorce followed soon after, when* TISM *found out about Princess Grace's infidelity, she having previously been fucked by a cliff.*

Plate 8. Flowers, 1956.

TISM, *dressed in identical contsumes pose for what is possibly one of their most ugly, graphic and disturbing photographs. Even more effectively than Munch's* The Scream, TISM *in this photo seem to encapsulate the terror of the nuclear age. (Note: neither the gentlemen in uniform nor the seven men with flower heads at the rear can be identified.)*

Plate 9. Rippon Lea, 1984.

Rock superstar marriage! TISM *marry "Nick Barker and the Reptiles" in 1984.* TISM, *the rock star, and Nick Barker, the* [redacted] *actor, seemed perfect for each other. However, the glamour wore off after* TISM *found out what Barker looked like after he took off the mask.*

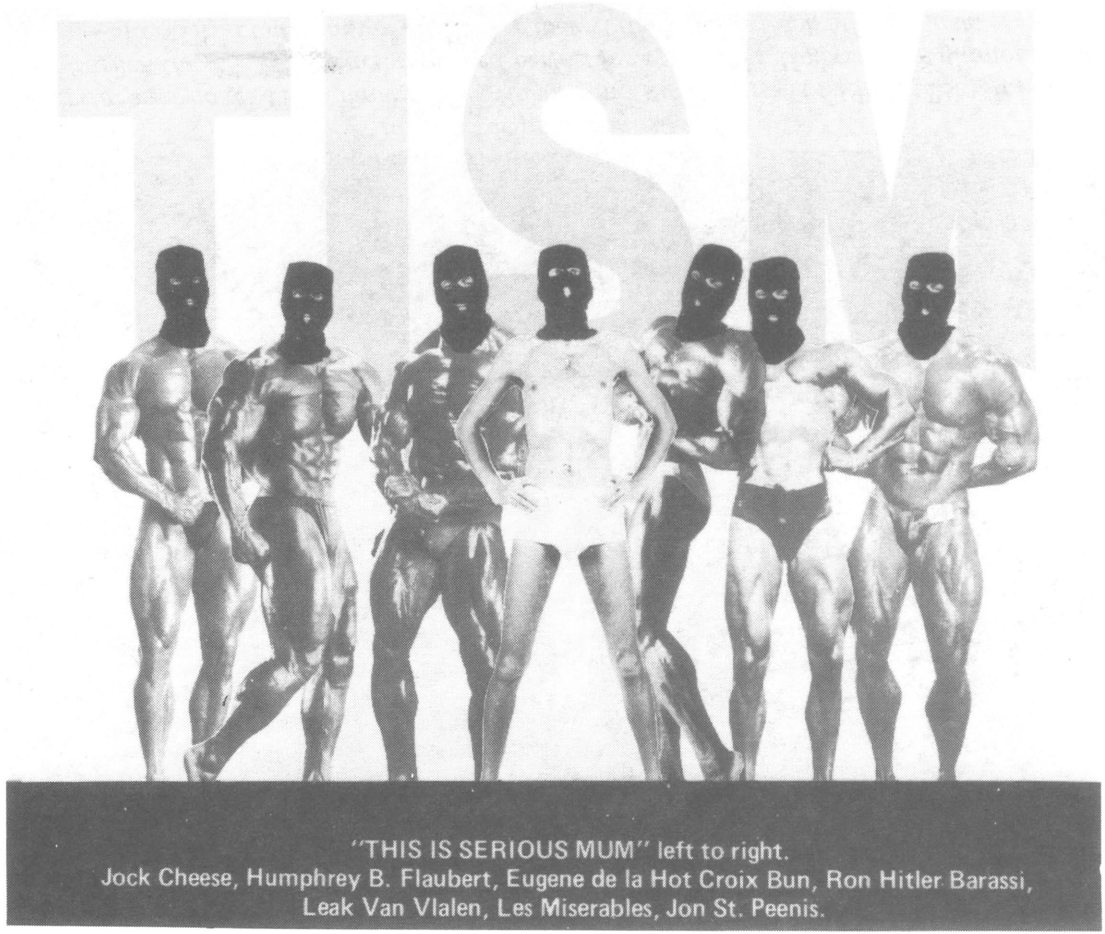
TISM
"THIS IS SERIOUS MUM" left to right.
Jock Cheese, Humphrey B. Flaubert, Eugene de la Hot Croix Bun, Ron Hitler Barassi,
Leak Van Vlalen, Les Miserables, Jon St. Peenis.

Plate 10. TISM *muscle men. The Hitler-Barassi impersonator in the middle remains unconvincing, but this shot of* TISM *is a personal favourite of the other members of the band.*

Plate 11. The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped. This is in fact <u>not</u> a shot of TISM *at all. It is obviously a doctored photograph, based on the famous shot taken in the 1970 VFL Grand Final. How on earth anyone would think such a patently transparent fraud could be convincing is insulting to all concerned, especially the person who took this magnificent mark, Ms. Kate Ceberano, who certainly doesn't need Ron Hitler-Barassi to make a fool of her. She does that all by herself, thank you.*

Morrison Hostel

Jimbo, boy, you are a crock of shit,
You're a boozed, selfish thug.
Why don't you give your mouth a go?
And in the other hole, put a plug.

By Christ you've got a long, long way
With a schoolboy's talent with words.
One crappy bit of symbolism
And you're adored by an army of turds.

You're a selfish, rude, arrogant prick.
You're basically pretty stupid.
Your mysticism is a lump of shit
And so are all the girls you've rooted.

So don't talk about being sad and lonely,
Or fucking misunderstood,
Because underneath that self-pitying phoney
Is a selfish, brutal hood.

I support the police who took you off stage,
I support the fact you bled,
I support the cops who carried you off,
I support the fact you're dead.

I think that you're a troubled guy,
And I think that is nothing new,
I think your fans are a bunch of turds,
Almost as immature as you.

And, when I'm in my supermarket
And some prick pushes in front of my trolley
I'll be reminded of your stinking bravado
And I'll ask the cunt to say sorry.

Your fans would excuse every rudeness
Just because it comes from you.
You'd tell them to go drop dead
And they would say, "How true, how true, how true."

You need a nine to five job Jimbo,
You need to get to Flinders Street[1] by train,
Go find yourself a regular income,
Then you can write a song about pain.

Try and save for the kiddies' school fees,
Take some care when you drive a car,
Put your God damn rubbish in a bin
You fucking great rock super star.

You have spawned a host of cock sure shits
That are nearly always filthy rich
Who think that because they're a little bit like 'Ol' Jimbo'
They can act like stinking pricks.

An army of brainless arty youth,
They look down on us common plods,
But they barrack for good old Morrison
Like the fucking Richmond Cheer Squad.[2]

1 Flinders Street is the major train station in Melbourne servicing the central business district.

2 This refers to the Victorian Football League club in Richmond which, at the time of writing, was languishing at the bottom of the VFL ladder.

So when you're listening to *Morrison Hotel*
And Jimbo — he's in top form —
Whining about this harsh, cruel world,
And the fact he was ever born

Remember his fans are rapt,
And brooding over their suffering lives,
And go to discuss it at *Thrash and Treasure*[1]
(At least, if daddy will drive).

Jimbo — King of the Private School Kids,
The girls from PLC[2]
Who identify with his tortured soul
Because they have just dropped boy friend number three

Who was Kent, from *Xavier College*,[3]
In HSC he got an A for English
But between Jimbo and William Blake
He hasn't got the fucking brains to distinguish.

Jimbo — father of a generation of private school depression idols,
From Nick Cave on,
They don't kill themselves,
Just tell us why they're suicidal.

1 *Thrash and Treasure* is a small, 'alternative' night club in inner-Melbourne frequented by a young, affluent and fashion-conscious clientele.
2 PLC — or the Presbyterian Ladies' College — is an exclusive secondary school in Melbourne.
3 *Xavier College* is the most exclusive Roman Catholic boys' school in Melbourne.

He has made self pity legitimate
It means we'll have to face
One after another, artists with integrity
Like *REO Speedwagon.*

Sorry, I meant "Hugo Race".

Well, up your arse Jimbo, old man.
Up your fucking hole.
You are a prick, pure and simple,
It's about time you were told.

And up your arse to all your fans,
Up your arse to your tortured artistic hell,
And while we're fucking at it —
Up your arse to Morrisey as well.

Up your arse to Robert Smith.
Up your arse to Albert Camus.
All those, "I'm suffering for my art" types,
Jimbo, I blame them all on you.

And every one who handles life's pain
With a token of mature self examination,
It's time they told these ponces
To stick it up their bogus self infatuation.

But if you're after true self indulgence
Then the conclusion is still not final
Because if you thought Jim Morrison was a wanker,
Well Christ, you just bought this fucking bit of vinyl.

September 1987

TISM On The Future Of Rock: "The Doggies In Space"

Rock is special. It exists like a slug under the weight of modern conventional society. Dirty, untouchable, repulsive to those who choose to ignore the real earth and prefer to exist in a landscape designer world of cut-the-lawn-every-Sunday-middle-class convention. And I'm not talking about the sanitized brand of 'rock' you get dished out to you on your adult-listening-carefully-market-targeted-higher-disposable-income-group F.M. station. I'm on about passionate, anarchic music that throbs in the sub-cultures of the cities — groups that lyrically and musically *challenge* every assumption most people cling to in their limited worlds.

So what motivates an inner-city rock star? We asked coach Nick Cave for an answer.

"Basic guts, and a fierce desire to win," he began, "and never forgetting the basics: tackling, kicking and handball."

Cave, coach of *The Birthday Party's* winning 1979-80 sides, pioneered the inner-city rock star style of play. What does he think of the modern-day *ICRS* (inner-city rock star) player? "Not as good as the greats. Jim Morrison not only wrote *L.A. Woman*, he could drop-kick a ball 75 yards. You don't see that any more."

Perhaps Cave was thinking of current *ICRS* Hugo Race's recent controversial outburst. Being interviewed by The Credibility Show panel, he burst out: "Any poofta with a fragile baby face jaw, wide haunted eyes and mop of long black hair comes near me spouting artistic credibility, I'll snap the cock-sucker in two. Just give me the fucking money, boyo. I'll play Ted Mulry covers if the price is right".

Many people feel this is why the crowds are staying away. No longer can the *ICRS* be depended on for loyalty to values held sacred by the fans. Flashy entrepreneurial gimmicks like those seen at *This Is Serious Mum* home matches sicken *ICRS* supporters. Worse still, *TISM* management, K.K. Klein have threatened to import players from the unfashionable middle-classes into the sub-culture.

A spokesperson for the 'Keep Artistic Poverty Rich' action-group complains, "How are we going to keep up our confronting warehouse

theatre-spaces and emaciated drug culture viable if we are surrounded by people who haven't even heard of Sam Shepard?" Klein answers: "I not only know of Shepard, I taught him how to drop-punt".

There seems no end to the gradual dissolution of the *ICRS*. Cave again: "What if somebody from the middle-classes gets to the Grand Final? Worse still, what happens if a side like *Bon Jovi* make it?" This prospect haunts many a bored, young, rich private school students' lunch room; it hovers malignantly over Women's Collectives; makes dumb the casual banter of inner-suburban drama groups; stills the brush of the ghetto-artist; sends exclusive hair-dressing salons reaching for the Jon Bon Jovi perm booklet. Staggered, people with torn blue denims and smack habits come to a halt and gasp: "*Bon Jovi* in the finals?"

I leave the last word to the legendary Cave: "What's happened to Art?" he asks. "We might as well be following the fucking football".

September 1987

In Search Of *TISM*'s New Single: *40 Years — Then Death) / The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped*

What has the reaction been to *This Is Serious Mum*'s new single, *40 Years — Then Death / The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped?* We asked a friend who knew Jim in fifth grade:

"Yeah, Jim was a basic bastard. I remember we used to hang around the shelter sheds smoking, you know, hiding from the teachers and stuff, and Jim'd come along and say, you know, who's got a smoke, and because he was always such a stuck up mystical poet type he never lit his own, and I leant across one day and said, 'Hey, Jim, let me light your fire' and he punched me in the gob and said, 'Don't ever tell anyone you said it first.'"

Morrissey of *The Smiths* continues:

"I always bettered Jim in English. He had no notion of proper debating or sentence construction. So after school he'd call me a fag and punch my teeth in." Morrissey adds — "I'm only celibate because of my innate unattractiveness to girls."

This is *TISM*'s third release, and their habit of rare public appearance, no interviews and minimal vinyl product seems to put them at risk of being ignored by most. Jon Bon Jovi talks about his memory of Robert Smith:

"He was one of those creepy little c—ts who'd never take off their blazer and did well in creative expression. I pinched his girl once at a school disco, which was a laugh. Besides that, I don't remember much."

Can Jon remember much of Jim, then?

"Oh yeah, he was ace. He'd argue the teachers into the ground. I used to buy my dingers off him."

A touching photograph remains of Jim Morrison and Jon Bon Jovi playing down ball. I showed this to Nick Cave, who produced a snap of him and Jim playing kick to kick.

Cave volunteers this comment when asked about the special quality of Jim: "He had nearly every footy swap card."

And who do all these personalities admire most? "John Farnham," comes the chorused reply.

September 1987

When I Go To *Chasers* I Pay At The Door

When I go to *Chasers*[1] I pay at the door
Then gaze in wonder at the dance floor.
There are girls here with socks up to their knees
Standing around in two's and three's
Each one more beautiful than the one before
And none as gorgeous as number four.
I stand in mute admiration
At girls you would never see at Westall[2] station —
Hair blonde, teeth white, skin brown, jeans tight.
Would they look this way if they turned up the light?
Oh, not for me to question why
Just for me to wait for the eye.
Well, I know you'd never believe me (of course)
But I'm not really here for sexual intercourse:
Half of me wants to leer and smirk
And the other half wants to set them homework.
It might seem pretty gauche — but, well,
I really feel like I'm at the PLC[3] social.
Oh, what beautiful girls — and yet
Which one could name a song from *Beggars Banquet*? —
Because I can. In their inner city homes
Which one of them would play early Stones?
What could they tell me about Jimmy Page
That I didn't know already when I was their age?
What interest have I in their girlie cohorts?
I'm not going to wear knee length fucking shorts.

1 *Chasers* as a large, occasionally trendy, but mostly middle of the road, night club in Melbourne.

2 Westall is a working class suburb in Melbourne's western half.

3 See footnote on page 112.

With one of those girls it just wouldn't work —
I think Robert Smith is a poofter and Morrisey's a jerk,
I think getting drunk isn't such a big thrill —
The smell of ouzo and raspberry makes me feel ill.
They would ask me what's it like to go to a Tech,
If I went skiing down Bulla[1] I'd break my bloody neck,
If I took them out once I'd feel like a pose,
If I took them out twice I'd've run out of clothes.
So when I get to *Chasers* I'm content to look
Because even if I thought I had what it took
I know I'd be crossed off their little book
Because I didn't go to *Xavier*[2] and my dad's not a crook.
Sunday night at *Chasers* — what's left to tell?
It's like being in heaven and feeling like hell.
I know it's trite to say pleasure is like pain
But why else should I want to go back again?
I'm trapped forever unless — of course — jubilation!
Next week I'm gonna go to *Inflation*.[3]

October 1987

1 Mt. Bulla is a popular snow ski resort in Victoria.
2 See footnote on page 112.
3 *Inflation* is another large Melbourne nightclub, altogether not dissimilar to *Chasers*.

Melbourne Explained

Since you come from Turdburgular City[1], you are going to have to know a little bit about Melbourne if you want to get the *David Copperfield* stuff about *This Is Serious Mum*. You know *David Copperfield*? I thought not.

Melbourne has the largest suburban sprawl in the world.

The industrial western suburbs is where the working class lives (using the word 'lives' loosely). The kids there are into genuine rock; they hate their school, their parents, their lives. The music they like is for people like them: *Bon Jovi*, *Starship*, any other dreadful American supergroup that is thrown at them. Neither I nor any of my friends have ever been there.

The inner city eastern suburbs, places like South Yarra, Toorak, Prahran, are richer. This is where you'll find the punks with 'The Exploited' written on their leather jackets, presumably referring to the people their fathers employ.

Good old Nick Cave is the Robert Menzies figure here — a symbol of the ruling musical party that is still pretty much in power. This involves the pine-headed gothic private school style rock, where the existential miseries of .... you know, the Berlin Wall .... Swatch Stickers .... Hugo Race .... umm .... that sort of thing. You just killed your girl with a 6 inch gold blade, and you dig American Buick cars.

This crock of shit makes me puke. Private school kids lap it up, though, because their dads are so fucking rich that they've gotta make something important out of their consequent boredom. Why not pretend you're a neglected artist and rip your jeans and abuse your body? Rest assured that no girl from the inner eastern suburbs, no matter how much she is destroyed by a society whose conventions she refuses to acknowledge, was ever so ugly as the ugg-booted bints destined for an early unwanted pregnancy from the west.

1 Sydney. [*TISM*'s note.]

Then further east, 15 to 20 miles out from central Melbourne, you get the middle class suburbs: not poor enough to be angry, not rich enough to pretend to be angry; the majority that is out-numbered. They are familiar with every track on *Whispering Jack*, molly coddled, comfortable, polite and self-satisfied. Here the young 'rage' out of the sight of the parents whom they will be exactly like in a decade. Drunkenness implies a sort of crazy daring, and as they look around the comfortable living room where their friends are sprawled among cans of U.D.L. and Tequila bottles, they reflect with pride that they are wild, young and free.

And *TISM*? Where do they fit in? If you people up in Sydney weren't such a bunch of self-confessed poofs, I might even tell you.

November 1987

Famous People Talk About *TISM*

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony...
My favourite live band in Melbourne."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

"....We have been obliged to postulate the existence in the mind of a super critical and prohibiting agency which we have named the 'super ego'. Since recognising the censorship of dream is a function of .... a really great rock 'n' roll outfit like *TISM*."

Sigmund Freud

"When Olga came out of her bedroom at about eight o'clock the next morning, her head heavy from lack of sleep, her hair undone, probably the most innovative group playing at the moment in Australia."

Anton Chekhov

"It's been a long time since we rock and rolled, oooooh. It's been a long time since we did the stroll, oooooh really a terrifically good group."

Robert Plant

"Classic."

Aristotle

Nothing, because he's dead

John Lennon

Nothing, because he's dead

John Bonham

Nothing, because he's dead

Jimi Hendrix

Nothing, because he's dead

Derryn Hinch

"The struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting."

Milan Kunderg
(not really about *TISM*)

"I'm thinking of suicide. Seriously."

Any 16 year old

"You can dress up in funny hats and shout all you like, but if you want to see something really weird you ought to watch current affairs shows on commercial TV. Where do they get the succession of mental misfits that parade across their shows? Married Catholic priests. Transvestite brick layers. Orphaned twins marrying each other. Legless belly dancers. Willisee (all 3 of them), 60 Minutes, The Channel 10 news — prostitutes of the very worst calibre.

Look, I don't mind a tart who dresses like a tart. You pay your thirty bucks, get jerked off. A fair deal. But whores who pretend to be something else — that's what really reminds me of semen soaked jockettes discarded guiltily in industrial waste disposal bins.

You want a show about emotional cripples for the emotionally crippled, fine, have one, but don't hype it up to be investigative, hard-hitting or intellectually credible. This is the spittoon of [redacted] journalism — cough up your catarrh in a phlegmy pool of bravado, hairy breasts and childish self-pity; bend malignantly over a pool of your own steaming insecurities; bottle and label the greasy film that appears in the corner of your mouth while you jackboot your way around the airwaves. But for God's sake don't ask anyone else to pretend its *Dom Perignon* when you are grandly toasting yourself with a glass of your own bodily waste."

[redacted]

"Dear God in heaven, my father is a brusque old man. Opinionated to the point of rudeness, he stomps home from work ('what a day I've had') and lays into the league of morons he's had to deal with that day. And he has, too. A builder with pride and skill, he battles against all the crooks, bludgers, bureaucrats and con-men that pass his way. Carpenters who don't inspect facia boards before panelling; plumbers who lay the wrong agi pipes; tilers who have spots in grouting; council inspectors in their ties demanding extra reinforcements for dog kennel foundations.

What, then, would that terrible old man do to the inhabitants of the creative avant garde? How would his savage face look upon some pimply faced snot nosed young punk who is interested in film editing? Explain to him, you hopeless drip, the pain of costume design. Line up interior decorators — particularly the 'Art whole food NUCLEAR FREE disposable canister' man — and describe to him the burdens of your chosen calling. Where are you, cameramen? Drama students? Sculptors? Photographers? Who runs *Chasers*? Who designed *Inflation*? What self opinionated turkey dreamt up *So-Ho*? Who is the D.J. at *Zu Zu*'s? Who writes those crappy supercilious little single reviews in *E.G.*? Who the Christ in heaven is [redacted] and what exactly did go wrong with his penis at birth?

Stand up and express yourselves in 'fresh' and 'modern' feelings, with all the intellectual credibility of a hair-dresser. Where do they breed the girls who work in the Chapel Street boutiques? God knows

from what pathetic familial distress and grotesque class comforts you lot sprang.

Crawl back into the pampered misery from which you so proudly waltzed out. My father has no use for your Freud or Chekhov or Samuel Taylor fucking Coleridge. He's a dumb cunt, after all".

Rupert Murdoch

"*TISM* are nearly as hot as the Chisels".

Patrick White

November 1987

The *TISM* Guide To The Avant Garde

O.K., stop bending over. You Sydney people really seem to go for us Melbourne avant garde bands, don't you? You know, the sort of bands that are formed in rich private school dorms by the guys not good enough for football, not dumb enough to fail and not ugly enough for the debating team.

I can only assume it's because all your rich, young males are all lifeguards or too busy rendezvousing in spa baths that you haven't yet been able to manage the sort of baby-faced, angst-ridden, rich, young, snot-nosed galah that we seem to be able to produce once every re-release of the complete works of Samuel Beckett.

So as a public lavatory — sorry — service to all those who know Camus doesn't rhyme with bus, here's how to become part of the avant garde:

1. Be full of pain. Be here at pain's insistence. You aren't prepared to love the comfortable life of the middle-class. You challenge. You affront. You live life on the edge — 'cos it's dangerous. Wild. Jimmy Dean. Jim Morrison. Chris Masuak. Alice Cooper.

2. Make sure that no-one likes your music. This is extremely vital, and the reason so many budding artists fail. You've got to stomp your way through a swamp of mordant rot that no-one in their right mind would listen to for more than 3 seconds, except for the fact they all think Pain is a good thing. (See how it all fits in?) If you just cannot help yourself and keep producing music that is enjoyable, get a trombone or clarinet or something and play it upside down during your entire set. (This is known as *Brectian*, so you needn't be embarrassed).

3. What are you? An artist. I can't hear you, boys and girls. ARTIST. I can't hear you. **ARTIST**. Right. And if you ever admit to yourself the faintest possibility that you're not an artist, then the hamburglar will get you.

4. When asked where your album is to be recorded, say "Berlin". When asked which city is closest to the realities of the modern age, say "Berlin". When asked your favourite band, don't, DON'T, **DON'T** say "Berlin".

5. Be offensive, rude, arrogant, mysterious, Byronesque, inconsiderate, unemotional, cruel, hard, unforgiving ... if you can't manage that, stupid will do.

6. Be credible. At least until you get an offer you can't refuse. If you're unsure about this, ask any of your policemen.

Oh look, I'm not sure you Sydneysiders will ever do it. For a start, you're all tanned. You can't be fucking tanned, for Christsake. You've got to be white and skinny like Sid. If you come down here and you're tanned, everyone will think you're fucking Bruce Springsteen. And for godsakes remember, down here in Melbourne when someone says "Spreadwell" they're referring to margarine.

Well, good luck. Frankly, if I were you I'd stick to surfing or crawling up each other's arses. At least up in Sydney you've got a choice.

November 1987

U2, Brute?

Fans, liggers, the avant garde, please lend me your ears,
I've got a theory about rock'n'roll that confirms your very worst fears,I come not to bury rock, but I'm not going to praise it,
But now I've got this theory and I'm too ashamed to say it:

I've studied the people who like rock, and all the bands who play it
And there ain't no doubt in my mind, I know this sounds like folly,
That rock was created by one man, and he wasn't Buddy Holly,
And he wasn't Elvis or Berry or Little Richard — oh the bell doth toll,

It's time to tell that Adolf Hitler didn't die, he invented rock 'n' roll.

Well, fuck you smart arse, can you think of something better?
You're the sort of brainless turd that follows rock to the letter.
You say that Hitler couldn't, but you can't see the wood for the trees—
Well let me tell you some other things that a rock fan believes:

Do you believe in Mick Jagger's charismatic lips?
Do you believe in what hangs between Jim Morisson's hips?
Do you believe John Lennon was a man truly great?
Do you believe Morrisey *chooses* to stay celibate?

Have you seen that way a person acts if he's in a band?
If you want the greatest proof of all, have you seen the fans?
You, who seem totally prepared to accept this sort of tripe,
Dare to protest when I say it all comes from the Third Reich?

Yes, when Elvis Presley lay dying, gurgling on his bathroom floor,
And his fat white bloated body couldn't take it any more
The last think that went through his mind before his eyes in their sockets did roll
Was that Adolf Hitler didn't die, he invented rock'n'roll.

November 1987

Sydney Explained

Well, if you Sydney people can stop buying and selling each other for a moment, you should cast your profit motivated eyes in this direction. By the way, is it true that you all walk around like those guys in the Apple Computer ads? You know:

Sydney Sider # 1 : "Morning"

Sydney Sider # 2 : "Morning"

Sydney Sider # 1 : "That your report for the Manager?"

Sydney Sider # 2 : "Sure"
[seemingly oblivious to # 1's surprise]
"Want to see it?"

Question hangs in the air.

Sydney Sider # 1 : [restraining surprise] "Sure"
[trying not to be impressed]
"30 bucks for a hand job?"

Sydney Sider # 2 : "You clean?"

Sydney Sider # 1 : "Sure"

They go to the public toilets.

I know this is going to surprise you, but about the only thing we haven't got for sale is a policeman.

November 1987

TISM Financial Advice Re Forthcoming Shows

SCENE: Professional office, dominated by large, commanding desk. Huge windows overlook city scape. Jock Cheese, *TISM* Financial Manager, sits in a pose of attentive but sceptical concentration. In front of him are a very nervous couple — a man, about forty, respectable but unexceptional, and next to him his bland wife. Laying down his pen, Jock Cheese's firm voice emanates from under his balaclava:

Jock Cheese: Enjoy going to restaurants?

[Man and wife look confused at question. Finally man brings himself to speak]

Man: Well ..... yes

Jock Cheese: It's just that it's your money. I could write the cheque now, but you're the ones that might have to cut down on the restaurants.

Man: [with resolution] Look, it's not the pool. It's just that my eldest daughter, she's thirteen now, and developing physically. I just thought if we build a pool I'll get to see her in bikinis.

Wife: [supporting husband] That's right. He doesn't want to fully violate her, he just wants to blow in her face.

Man: And that's more important than the pool.

Are you going to *TISM*'s gigs? I know you've got obligations but it's your money ... It's still your money.

December 1987

STATE LIBRARY OF VICTORIA

TISM New Year Recipe Hand-out

Your normal, average, working rock fan knows the feeling. Just home from work, the kids are screaming and the spouse has brought home a couple of work mates. And the problem is compounded during the festive season, when everyone wants to drink themselves stupid and eat until they regurgitate.

So here they are. *TISM* provides you with two easy, no-nonsense, sure-fire recipes. You can see them demonstrated in person at the Greek Theatre on New Year's Eve, where *Blue Ruin* will show you how to mix a bad gin aperitif. Merry Christmas, and "bon appetit". If you go to any other gig, I hope you're killed on the roads.

The Credibility Crepe

No-one knows exactly where the 'Credibility Crepe' originated. Some point to the French school, with obvious antecedents in the 'Satre Satay', and the 'Camus Coconut Truffle Ripple Iced Lick Stick and Matching Genet Accessory Vacuum Cleaner Attachment Device'.

Look, I'm bored with following a recipe. I'm too bored to cook like other normal cooks. I wanna cook like my *pain* tells me. I'm here at Appetite's Insistence. This is hard work, man, because my lock of dyed black hair keeps falling into the frying pan. But, hey, fuck it baby — that's wok.

The Get — Rich Quiche (Illustrated)

December 1987

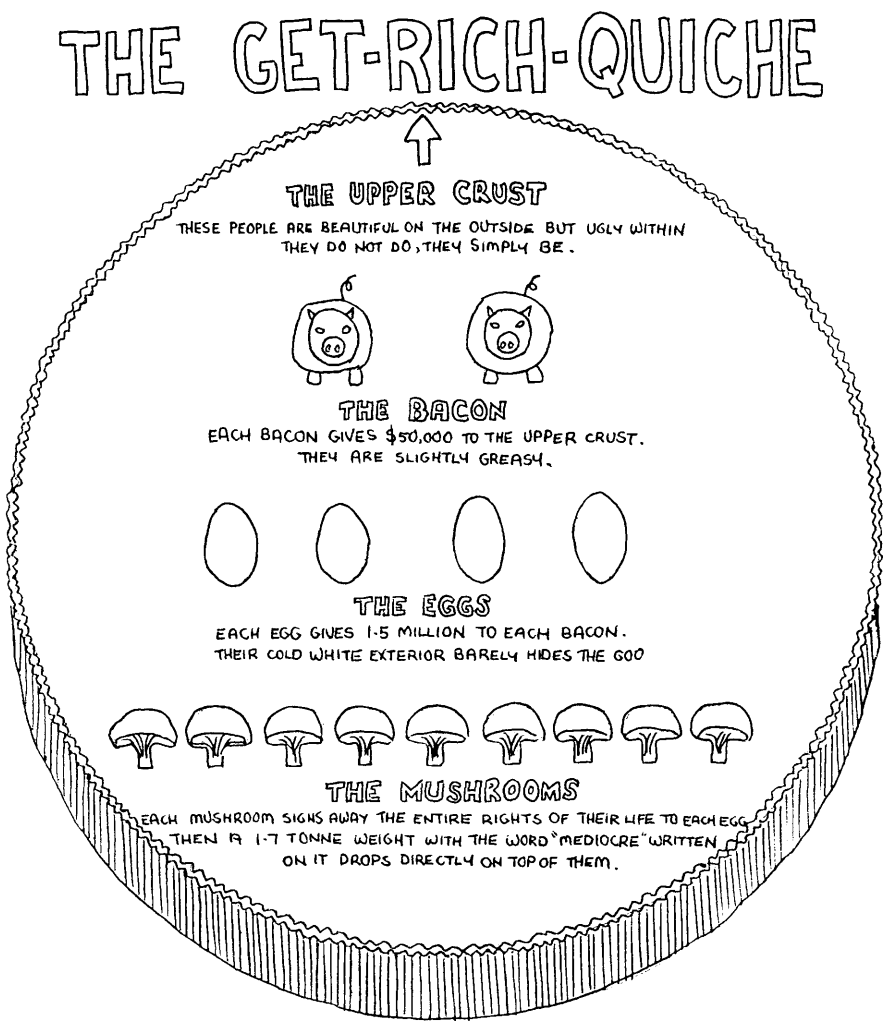
THE GET-RICH-QUICHE
THE UPPER CRUST
THESE PEOPLE ARE BEAUTIFUL ON THE OUTSIDE BUT UGLY WITHIN
THEY DO NOT DO, THEY SIMPLY BE.
THE BACON
EACH BACON GIVES $50,000 TO THE UPPER CRUST.
THEY ARE SLIGHTLY GREASY.
THE EGGS
EACH EGG GIVES 1·5 MILLION TO EACH BACON.
THEIR COLD WHITE EXTERIOR BARELY HIDES THE GOO
THE MUSHROOMS
EACH MUSHROOM SIGNS AWAY THE ENTIRE RIGHTS OF THEIR LIFE TO EACH EGG
THEN A 1·7 TONNE WEIGHT WITH THE WORD "MEDIOCRE" WRITTEN
ON IT DROPS DIRECTLY ON TOP OF THEM.

Fig. 12 The Get Rich Quiche

Chapter 5
Great Truckin' Songs

IN JANUARY 1988, *TISM*, determined to prove their utter worthlessness to the world, embark upon their biggest project to date, the recording of their epic *corpus* of nonsense, *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance*. They set up camp at Platinum Studios with the ever foolish Chris Corr and renowned troubleshooter Mark Woods, who is given the impossible task of attempting to make sense out of *TISM*'s noxious exhalations. They are joined by Englishman Clive Martin whose recent work with *The Cure* suggests he ought to know better. *TISM* begin work on some of their most treasured abominations: *Saturday Night Palsy*, *Choose Bad Smack*, *I Drive A Truck*, *The Mystery Of The Artist Explained* and so on and so on. Sheer tedium.

Recording of *Great Truckin' Songs* continues into February. The only benefit to the public at large is that this dubious project keeps *TISM* securely locked away for three full months, except for one solitary performance at *The Venue*. It is there that a startled customer at the bar has his drink snatched by one of the hooded idiots running amok in the audience with a radio microphone as the rest of *TISM* crash deafeningly on.

The monolithic garbage of *Great Truckin' Songs* moves on to Trees Studios in March where scraps of live tape, radio interviews and excerpts from the genuine, unprostituted origins of *TISM* are pieced together in typically *ad hoc* fashion to be included in this ominously expanding package. Already over two full albums of churning twaddle have been recorded.

In April *TISM* emerges from the frenzied recording sessions to play a return show at *The Palace*, preceded by a performance at Geelong's *Barwon Club*. At Geelong the frightened audience are intro-

duced to new *TISM* material, such as *Mein Kampf Fire Has Gone Out* (alternatively known as *Opium Is The Religion Of The Masses*). At *The Palace* the exotically tacky interior seems tasteful by comparison with *TISM* who display their 'Ted Commandments' headgear. They are accompanied by a full mandolin orchestra with conductor and a member of the Australian Opera company, neither of which raise this juggernaut from its awful descent.

In May the first single from *Great Truckin' Songs* is released: *The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie* b/w *(I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out*. It reaches the EON-FM 'Top 8 at 8'. *TISM* rub it in with a show at Frankston's *21st Century Dance Club*, a pink monstrosity with a revolving dance floor, which is invaded by 600 local youths eager to have their night spoiled. It is.

It appears that few are immune to the effects of *TISM's* creeping sickness — except perhaps the major record companies who, probably more through their own pants-wetting fear than any clear-sighted decisiveness, reject *TISM's* insulting request for financial assistance.[1] Independent label Musicland is, however, prepared to be duped into distributing the forthcoming album, and it soon finds out how unpleasant dealing with *TISM* is. The main sticking point was the cover which reportedly cost six times the normal amount to print. Such needless waste is the very essence of *TISM*. Meanwhile EON's Billy Pinnell brings his credibility into disrepute with several hyperbolic predictions about the coming release.

TISM, wondering whether the close proximity of the sea has any effect on the wholesale misinterpretation of their garbage, test the theory with a weekend of shows at Mentone, Geelong and *The Corner Hotel*. Further new material fails to turn away the audiences, who fill the houses at the last two shows. *TISM*'s anger at this is expressed in senseless onstage wreckage of microphones and sections of the ceiling. Puerile.

TISM, the fishermen of rock, reel them in yet again in June. A bogus survey about the late, great Ricky May, gets righteous people

1 The letter is reproduced on page 161.

everywhere up in arms. But no, fools! It was a ruse, a shocking trick to gain the attention of *TISM's* number one hero, Jade Hurley. Sadly, it works, as Hurley is quoted in *The Truth* saying, "who are these guys, anyway?"

TISM also reopen *The Club*, complete with a pig on a spit and an effigy of Louis Armstrong. Frustrated with the tiny stage, they attempt an extension via the ceiling. A member of the audience later sues for injuries sustained. This could mean the end for *This Is Serious Mum*. We can only hope.

In July, *Rolling Stone* magazine, purveyor of serious musical taste and certainly far superior to gimmicky rot like *TISM*, mistakenly decide to interview the band. Howard Stringer, the hapless journalist, is made to dress in a wet suit and meet the band in yet another St. Kilda eatery, where his carefully researched questions are answered by the band in song form. Such a stupid gesture is only worth ignoring, and when Howard duly attempts to do so in his article, the cynical, manipulative *TISM* management force him to re-write. The final article appears, a travesty of Howard's original work of art. At the very least, he manages to make a few telling and original observations about the shallowness of *TISM's* music. 1—nil to Howard.

After another weekend of shows at *The Club* in September, where *TISM's* newest and silliest tin foil look is revealed, the awful day finally arrives: *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance* is unleashed on the world.

The album is as bombastic and overblown as feared. A double album set, it contains one album of slickly produced, squealing, inane pop songs, and another record composed of radio snippets, half songs, outbursts of vitriolic meaninglessness and puzzling backward messages. It contains the proviso that "This record is not as good as the other one". One can't help but recognise that, for once, *TISM* got it right.

As usual, nobody listens. Molly Meldrum votes it his album of the week on *Hey! Hey! It's Saturday* and it bumbles its way onto the commercial charts, reaching No. 12 on FOX-FM and No. 8 on 3XY. Whilst some misguided people claim it as a ground-breaking achievement for an independent release, 3XY, showing far better judgement, quickly changes its entire format to easy listening. Young fools all over Melbourne flock to purchase one of the limited edition albums with *TISM's* original cover

design. These sell out quickly to be replaced by the cheaper version of the already cheap idea.

The loathsome *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance* logo is soon found on t-shirts, bumper stickers and a huge backdrop which sits behind the band's typically facile extravaganza of an album launch at *The Palace*. Fifteen hundred paying masochists and a guest list of over 300 squeeze in to see *TISM*, supported by the latest product of the *Split Enz* family tree, *Schnell Fenster*. *TISM's* chaotic arrival to the stage is assisted by a fashion parade of 49 extras wearing past *TISM* costumes. The debacle is filmed and later released as the aptly titled *Shoddy and Poor* video.

TISM finish September by wrecking the kiddies' fun on *The Factory*, complete with obligatory motor mowers. Yawn. More television exposure follows. In October we see a live telecast from *The Old Greek Theatre* of the *TISM* pollutant, minus expletives, for the trial public television station, TVU. The following week *TISM* give two further doses of their punishment to audiences at *The Club*, one of which is filmed for ABC's *Rock Arena*. *TISM's* appearance, after being shown a second time, causes the series to be abandoned. If only *TISM* would follow suit.

In December *TISM* show that their taste in art is far greater than their taste in music. They perform to 1,800 screaming weirdos at *The Palace* with a backdrop of Melbourne's finest young painters. Led by the brilliant Jon Campbell, the artists create rapid-fire masterpieces while the band degrades their very presence.

A week later, *TISM's* self-inflated Hindenburg size ego falls to earth in flames when an audience of 350 at Adelaide's *Le Rox* fails to pay the band's huge overhead costs, and they plunge into debt. Victory!

The band retires to lick their wounds at Leak Van Vlalen's beachside hideaway. Rather than follow the advice of all that represents good taste, they decide to plunge onward, composing over 30 new songs that will be slowly sifted through for a horrific new album in the coming year.

The year ends with two further degenerate rituals at *The Club*. Whilst *TISM* drone on, a roving reporter interviews members of *TISM's* deluded audience with predictably unintelligible results.

During this period, deluded section of the media — from

Adelaide, Brisbane, NSW — request interviews with *TISM*. Consistent with their spurious artistic snobbery, *TISM* refuse. Foolishly, the same people ask for written replies to their questions[1]. Luckily, the intelligence, integrity and honesty of our great media empires is such that they won't be soiled by this drivel. None of *TISM's* replies are printed in full; most are ignored.

Another year. What a waste of human life.

1 These questions and replies can be found from page 186 onwards.

Saturday Night Sell Out?[1]

Proposition:

The decision to change the word 'heroin' to 'red hot poker' for the CD version of Saturday Night Palsy *can be only be interpreted as a fundamental retreat from axiomatic* TISM *principles. The ugly spectre of revisionism has cast its shadow of doubt over* TISM's *previously unsullied record of unadulterated offensiveness. Discuss.*

Response:

Hey kids, doesn't life bug you sometimes? Like, for instance, when you're the only kid in the school with a *Powell Peralta Mark Gonzalez* skateboard, and then, six months later, this skateboarding craze hits the school and everyone's got one? What a drag. So, you want to get rid of your deck, without losing face, right? Well, I've got the solutions for you...

Us adults have this phrase called "sell out", and its a useful little bugger. Whenever your friends are all raving on about something and you need some handy ammunition against it, casually drop the phrase "they've sold out". Just watch the reaction. This will divert your friends' attention away from that thing and back on to you. You've got it made. Now your friends are suspecting that all along you've known something that they didn't know, and what's worse — you knew it first. With the phrase "sell out" in your armoury, you will be able to denounce anything immediately should it become too popular.

Now, because rock music, by its nature, attracts conservative people who wish to appear radical, there has been extraordinary procession of rock artists who have, in the eyes of the public, "sold out". After

1 A response to J.Wallace Grubblesnuth from the *Edge* magazine.

extensive research, I have compiled a list of the 10 greatest sell-outs in rock history:

- Dylan goes electric
- Rod Stewart meets Britt Ekland
- *TISM* drops the word "fucking" from the song *Mistah Eliot — He Wanker*
- James Brown, author of the anti-heroin rap *King Heroin*, becomes addicted to PCP
- Nick Cave does not become addicted to PCP
- *TISM* are played on commercial radio
- After *Pick Me Up On Your Way Down*, Lionel Rose goes back to boxing
- The Village People go new-romantic
- *Kiss* unmasks
- *TISM* drops the word "heroin" from *Saturday Night Palsy.*

Well, there you have it. Now, the frequency with which *TISM* appears in this list suggests two possibilities:

1. They have a lot to sell; or
2. No-one is interested in buying.

I strongly suspect the latter.

OK kids, so now you know what it means when *U2* play a "sell-out concert". Oh, by the way, I have never sold out. Well, except maybe in Grade 6 when Julia Brown said I could kiss her if she could have my footy cards.

January 1988

And The Ass Said To The Angel: "Wanna Play Kick To Kick?"

Talk to anyone these days and, you know, it seems
Eventually they'll tell you about some heavy scenes
When they were living "with this druggie friend".
You gotta look real serious, or at least pretend,

While with a reverent awe, like they're reading a psalm,
They tell you about some jerk poking a needle in his arm
And dramatically conclude with, "The guy was a freak" —
But it's the eighth drug story you've heard this week.

We'll, I knew a guy who tops the lot
He wasn't on heroin, crack or pot
But it was worse than anything out of *Monkey Grip* —
He did the 'Happy Marriage in Suburbia' trip.

I still don't know how this guy never got busted
For being so incredibly well adjusted.
While we were all shoving chemicals up our nose
He was out in the garden with a watering hose.

At first only small things began to go wrong:
He wouldn't turn up when we were having a bong.
But before our eyes he began to fall apart,
He'd take his girl out regular, eat á la carte,

He looked healthy and happy — it was like an alarm —
He was collapsing like the veins in my arm.
I'll never forget the terrible night — Oh, God above —
When he told us he was very much in love.

So they both bought a house, there was no turning back
They got into it the week that I got into crack.
His face was never so ravaged with addiction
As the day he showed me his brand new kitchen.

I'd sometimes go round there with a cap or two of horse,
Tell him to kick the habit and get a divorce.
"Your wife's pregnant again", I'd plead, "This'll make three,
If you have another kid you're sure to O.D."

But he's not even listening, he's in some delirium,
His wife is doing the dishes and he's begun clearin' 'em.
"I love my kids, I'm happy", he'd say, satisfied,
But don't you know on the nappy he was crucified.

He's dead now, of course — needless to say —
Family wiped off by a drunk going the wrong way.
Oh, how many times has it been written, said or sung?
If you live monogamous, expect to die young.

So you can get into smack, crack, dope or speed
But don't take marriage, 'cause this is where it'll lead:
You experience real happiness, both physical and mental
And if you die, it'll be purely accidental.

January 1988

The Penis Is Mightier Than The Sword

There's violence on the television,
And letter bombs in the mail,
But things can't be all that bad
'Cos Derryn Hinch went to jail.

Famine eats up children,
The peace talks always fail
But things can't be all that bad
'Cos Derryn Hinch went to jail.

You might have double malaria
Doctors see you and go pale
But things can't be all that bad
'Cos Derryn Hinch went to jail.

Christ Himself on the cross
Told the guy who banged in the nail,
"Mate, things can't be all that bad
'Cos Derryn Hinch went to jail."

I can take Ronald Reagan
I can take Menachem Begin
I can take tetraplegia
I can take total amnesia
I can take black spiky hair
I can take germ warfare
I can take *Chasers* and *Inflation*[1]

1 See footnote on page 117/118.

I can take hyperventilation
I can take total bowel disfunction
I can take nuclear destruction
I can take Mike Willesee — well, at a pinch;
But one thing I cannot take is Derryn fucking Hinch.

January 1988

TISM Salute [redacted] And [redacted]

Let's start with *Harem Scarem* up on the teeming *Prince of Wales* stage, playing *Miracle Mile* for the third and very, very last time, and their astonishment as the stage was engulfed, and everyone knowing that this is a rare moment...

So, why exhume the stinking carcass of [redacted] and [redacted]? Just to give the desecrated corpse a few more well deserved kicks in the guts? But why get your hands filthy on a maggot ridden shroud when no-one could even begin to find the forgotten tombstone anymore?

Well, the reason is this: never has a snotty nosed jumped up little turd had it coming to him more than [redacted] had it coming to him. And it is with the most unadulterated delight that I now would like to remind everyone — [redacted] got it.

[redacted]. Legs dangling down from his bony hips like gobs of slag off a dying aunt's spittoon; rodent face that poked itself at you like a bucketful of arseholes; and voice that sounds like someone was constantly twisting his goolies together. That this barely adolescent non-entity can ponce around a stage lecturing us on how "[redacted]" must be some sort of offence against the U.N. Bill of Human Rights. [redacted] so cock-sure that his brain turned into scrotal tissue, self-delight marring his reptilian features, was the scum scraped off the hideous barrel of an adolescent swill like one-cell microorganisms in the agar culture of his ego.

And now where are you, you tacky cheap little boy? Who sniffs nowadays at the altar of your puckered arsehole? You are the worst of the worst — a *former* 'media person', unsalvagable, unknown, unacknowledged, underpants.

Beware, Derryn Hinch. Beware, Kylie Minogue. Here is your resting place — the forgotten, barren, unvisited grave that you dig just as surely as *T.V. Week* will nail you to its front cover. [redacted] gaseous, belching corpse will exude a stinking odour that will infect you as well....

So I went around to my sister-in-law's bright new house to find her romping around with her little niece Grace. It was one of the hot days we've been having lately, and the two year old's absurdly delicate features were transported with joy as she ran to and from the electric fan, squealing a chorus of delight as it revolved to meet her skin with a mysterious breeze of cool air. "Love is the great educator", says Freud, and here was the proof.

February 1988

The 'B' Attitudes

I'm like the soldier who obeys when the general says "charge",
I've got a body like a brontosaurus and a brain just as large,
I'm here to escape from my middle class prison,
I'm one of the boys who stands up the front at *TISM*.

I stand here for hours in a dark sweaty din,
It's like descending to hell but being charged to get in,
My life is a mess of anarchic conservatism,
I'm one of the boys who stands up the front at *TISM*.

But although nothing can get me in such a rage
As when they slag off *TISM* in the pages of *The Age*,
Yet there is a strange contradiction that haunts me within —
Because if I met a member of *TISM* I'd kick the cunt's head in.

And I'm not the most brainless moron you could care to choose —
To do that I'd have to read the Channel 10 News;
And I'm not the most stupid kind of degenerate prole —
To do that I'd have to *play* rock 'n' roll.

At least I don't have white out all over my face,
At least I don't have hair all over the place,
At least I don't live in some inner city hovel,
At least I haven't begun writing a novel,

At least I don't pride myself on my literate knowledge,
At least I didn't go to *Xavier College*,
So standing up the front at *TISM* may leave me open to attack,
But at least I'm not the sort of cunt who stands up the back.

January 1988

The Brothers Karamazov

by

Fyodor Dostoevsky

(Translated from the original by This Is Serious Mum)

The brothers Karamazov had just finished their high wire trapeze act at the opening night of *Club Karenina* and were furiously coking themselves up to their malignant eyeballs with Anna, the owner, near the *Chekhov Sushi Bar*. "Fuck it," thought Alexey, "this is getting a bit interesting, I'll have to start a profound metaphysical discussion." So he handed Dmitry a *Corona* and began:

"Dmitry, I feel that perversion can be defined most accurately as a denial of the spirit, an intentional insensitivity that dims the influence of nobility and art."

"I wonder," parried Dmitry (never one to dodge metaphysics, especially when full to the gills on skag), "whether you haven't got *This Is Serious Mum* in mind here. Surely they present us with little more than the most prurient of messages."

"Not so, my drug addled Russian arsepick. I was thinking of the more contemptibly perverse cultural influences. Have you ever watched prime-time television Dmitry? Ever soiled your trapeze outfit sitting in front of a news service on Channel 10? Ever suffered through the miserable *gulag* of the Jana Wendt Show? What is more perverse than these half-people? Dragging mothers in front of cameras and gently asking about the sexual penetration of their children; re-uniting couples who have fallen out of love for all to see their bitterness; everyone diseased, broken, failed, perverse, arrogant or stupid is fair game for these manicured vultures. Look at it one night brother — tell Ivan to stop watching his Turgenev videos and have a look. They do not even **look** like people. Derryn Hinch has a head moulded with the plastic cast they threw away after kids stopped buying Mr. Potato Head; he sits on his pedestal like the Pope and after the sermon comes what everyone is waiting for — sin. Be it child abuse, prostitution, drug addiction, you can

be sure some dumb broken idiot will be spilling his guts for all to see. Three and a half minutes to deal with human drama; three and one half minutes to analyse, judge and condemn people who are shattered; three and one half minutes to deal with human emotions too complex, deep and real for even our friend Fyodor to describe. This is perversion Dmitry. These are the people who take and use people, reduce them to stereotypes, deny any feelings they cannot understand, destroy and ridicule any emotions that aren't explainable with a cliché and a good visual image. These people seem to take themselves seriously, Dmitry. That's perversion. These people see themselves as representing society. That's perversion. These people see themselves as a moral force. They are perverse, and they will go to hell when they die."

But by this time Dmitry wasn't listening. He was pounding his force ten from Navarone into Anna, who was begging for more of his angry red heinous revenge. Pleased that his metaphysics had the usual effect on his brother, Alexey quickly popped a couple of dripping needles into his left eyeball and went off the see if Ivan wanted a bit of God's own juice and ideology...

March 1988

Get Thee In My Behind, Satan

I'm courageous, I'm heroic, I'm fit, I'm strong,
I've been to *Young and Jackson's*[1] with my lipstick on,
I've worn my Kunta Kinti T-shirt to a Klu Klux meet —
But I've never turned right at Swanston Street.[2]

[Get thee in my behind, Satan.]

I've mixed heroin, cocaine and angel dust,
I've played on Rodney Grinter[3] (and been concussed),
My mind's untidy but my whisky's neat —
But I've never turned right at Swanston Street.

I can be subjected to hours of extreme pain,
I can watch a full 10 minutes of Don Lane,
There's only one time when I'll admit defeat —
I've never turned right at Swanston Street.

March 1988

1 The most famous, and most historic, pub in Melbourne. It is located at the intersection of Swanston and Flinders Streets.

2 Several intersections in Swanston Street right hand turns are made from the left hand lane.

3 Rodney Grinter plays for Melbourne in the VFL.

TISM Apologises For The Lyrical Content Of Their Single

TISM would like to apologise for the lyrics on their latest single *The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie b/w (I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out* taken from their forthcoming L.P. *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance.*

The theme of the Jagger track is childish and churlish. The implication in the final couplet that Jagger is an arrogant, women-hating prick because an early girlfriend of his preferred masturbating to his company is especially puerile, and *TISM* wish to admit that we have no idea at all why Jagger is such an arrogant women-hating prick. Moreover, we recognise Mick was responsible for some of the greatest rock music ever written, and we are sure that the millions of faceless females he banged senseless really enjoyed it.

TISM would also like to apologise for the following claims:

1) All V.F.L. footballers are faggots — this claim is obviously a gross generalisation, and *TISM* are sure that at least half the current players in the V.F.L. are heterosexual.

2) David Johnson has a colostomy bag — *TISM* concede they have no basis for this claim whatsoever.

3) Jim Morrison was an active and practising homosexual — *TISM* realise this claim was a total fabrication, but do insist Jimbo had sex with a man who was one.

4) *TISM* at this stage apologise for the fact that there have been two homosexual jibes in this list, and want to assure the public that many of our former friends are homosexual.

5) Derryn Hinch is a single cell organism — this is a particularly senseless slur, and *TISM* sincerely apologise to all single cell organisms.

6) Having just watched the Channel 10 News, *TISM* retract apology #2.

7) Nick Cave's novel was really written by Don Lane — *TISM* know this is a complete lie, but are unsure which of the two we should apologise to.

8) *Noiseworks* — though *TISM* has nothing to do with this band, *someone's* got to apologise for them.

So there you have it. Truly inspired by the spirit of Rodney Grinter[1], *TISM* assure the public that we can not only shake hands with our adversaries, but can share a beer and intravenous drip back at the hospital with them after the match.

Finally, in the context of these repeated retractions, *TISM* would like to point out to all John Bonham's fans who think that the lyrics of *The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie* imply that Bonham was a drug-addled belligerent nasty slob: you are completely correct.

April 1988

1 Grinter, a player with Melbourne in the V.F.L., has been involved in several 'inidents' with opponents.

John Bonham's Coke Roadie Reviews *TISM's* New Single: *The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie / (I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out*

Note: the following statement was obtained from John Bonham's coke roadie after he was played TISM's *new single.*

Remember the incident in 1981, when some members of *The Specials* approached a drunkenly acidic Elvis Costello in a bar in the United States just after Costello had made his ill-famed Ray Charles remarks?[1] Elvis turned slowly round, and before the others had a chance to speak he'd dismissed them with one curt epigram — "You can get fucked for starters".

"You can get fucked for starters" — six superb words, of near universal applicability. A motto to sustain oneself with — a pledge, an oath, a curse with which one may stay as lonely and as bitter as Costello himself, unharassed by the unwelcome idiocy of the world.

"You can get fucked for starters" — this is the refrain millions chant when they watch the Channel 10 news team. Mal Waldon's report on the paraplegic koala ends, and "You can get fucked for starters" echoes across the city. "You can get fucked for starters" — what pop idol doesn't deserve this welcome-and-farewell-in-one? "You can get fucked for starters" has dismissed the John Justins, the Brian Mannixs, the Terence Trend d'fucking Arbys.

"You can get fucked for starters" — who *doesn't* deserve it? Costello himself, surely, mutters this into the mirror every paunchy, stomach-expanding morning. John Elliot dials up his own answering machine and "You can get fucked for starters" is there when he gets

1 Statements to the effect that Charles was nothing but a "blind ignorant nigger".

home, self-flagellation through the miracle of technology. Nick Cave's novel lays complete in his Berlin garret, and scrawled as if in an afterthought at the bottom of the last putrid page is the ultimate in self-criticism — "Y.C.G.F.F.S."

Secreted away under his baboon's undergrowth, the same enigmatic initials are tattooed like a trademark around Derryn Hinch's nipples. "You can get fucked for starters" mutters the Pope in obscure Polish to an adoring crowd of wogs; "You can get fucked for starters" is Jesse Jackson's sacred text to his jubilant black-brotherhood; "You can get fucked for starters" is what Dermott Brereton[1] thinks when he kisses his hand and pats his arse — and it's what everyone thinks about him, too.

And whose life style more sums up the selfish, bigoted disdain of "Y.C.G.F.F.S." than John Bonham's? Artistically and physically bloated, this was a human perched on a drum stool of gluttony and contempt for whom the whole world's meek approach could be casually dismissed with "you can get fucked for starters". A mediocre man placed through mediocre talents above other mediocrities only by dint of the sheer *weight* of his universal contempt.

"You can get fucked for starters" informed his every slobbering act of petty vandalism; it stuck to him like the furniture he super-glued to motel room ceilings; it served as an epitaph after he threw himself like a T.V. set out of the hotel room of life. "You can get fucked for starters" — contempt for the people who followed him, the parents who begat him, the God who made him. Bonham — the sneering adolescent who dismisses Shakespeare as boring[2] — the man for whom the world existed only in as much as it could be shovelled up his nostrils.

"You can get fucked for starters" — that's what Bonham said to me, to everyone. As I scooped up the snot-infected cocaine from his drum rostrum, it wasn't just me who could get fucked. It was everyone who created this Hindenburg of a human, and all who denied their culpability after his crash.

1 Plays for Hawthorn in the V.F.L.

2 Shakespeare is boring. [*TISM*'s note.]

"You can get fucked for starters" — that's what it's all about. Why *should* it bother me? "You can get fucked for starters" can get fucked for starters. That's what Bonham realized. It never bothered me. He was as much my toady as I his; and that didn't bother *either* of us. Who *isn't* John Bonham's coke roadie? It don't bother me, and it *is* because I'm a toady — *but it sure as fuck doesn't bother* TISM *either.* So of all the people who can get fucked for starters, they're the ones who can start first.

John Bonham's coke roadie

May 1988

Humphrey B. Flaubert Talks Tactics

The question has frequently arisen in coaching circles regarding *TISM*'s use of a drum machine. I will attempt to set out the reasons why we have found this a most useful defensive method.

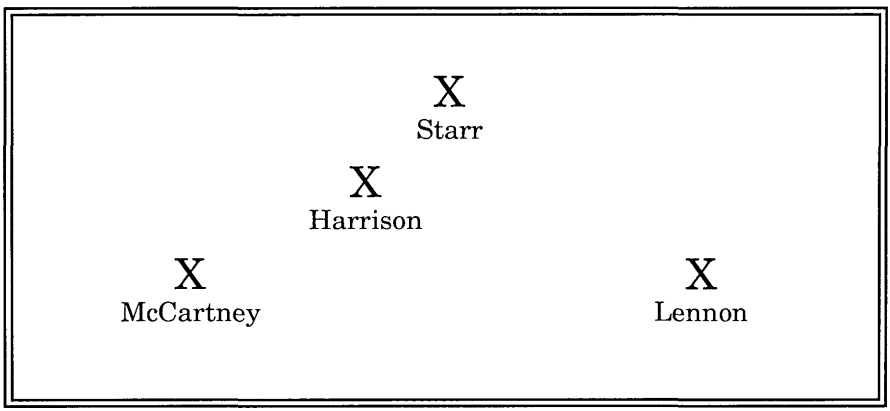

Fig 14. The *catennacio* as used by *The Beatles*

It is necessary to begin by examining the changing role of the drummer through history. In the sixties many bands preferred the static sweeper method, or *catenaccio* (see *Fig. 14*). Notice Harrison's slightly withdrawn position behind the front two. His was basically a supporting role, typified by his comment "I'll play what you want me to play" in the *Let It Be* movie.

He formed a particularly dangerous right-sided movement with McCartney and favoured an unselfish game, as demonstrated later on his *All Things Must Pass* album. Lennon meanwhile became an enigmatic and sometimes incisive left-winger, whose career was tragically cut short by injury.

The next development in tactics was the *dynamic catenaccio* method, more commonly known as 'total football', demonstrated here by *The Rolling Stones* (see *Fig. 15*).

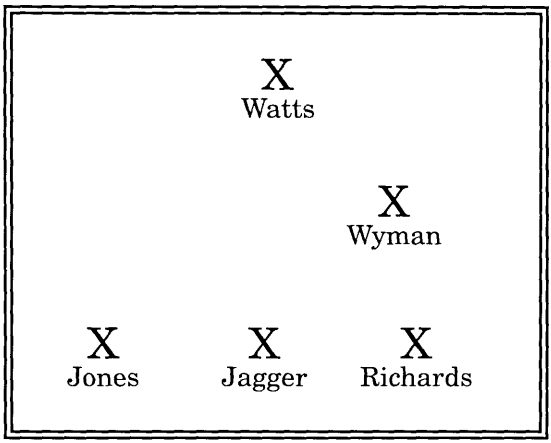

Fig.15 'Total football' as used by *The Rolling Stones*

This method was particularly successful until Jones, competing increasingly for space up forward with Jagger and Richards, left the game to take up water polo.

He was replaced by Taylor, a gritty slide tackler. Taylor played in many memorable games, such as that at Altamont where crowd trouble twice stopped the game, before, seemingly at the peak of his career, transferring to the Blues.

Another popular defensive play was the 'Power Trio' method (see *Fig. 16*). This method relied upon technical perfection and little teamwork. It was popularised by such heavy duty outfits as *Cream*; *Emerson, Lake and Palmer*; *The Silver Studs*; *Peter, Paul and Mary;* and *Crosby, Stills and Pelé*.

But what has all this to do with *TISM*'s lack of a drummer, you may ask? Simply put, the common factor in all the previous methods was the extreme distance of the drummer from the front of the stage.

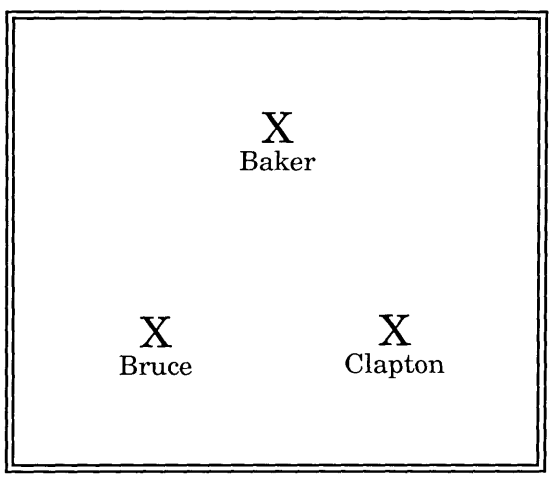

Fig. 16 The 'Power Trio' method used by *Cream*.

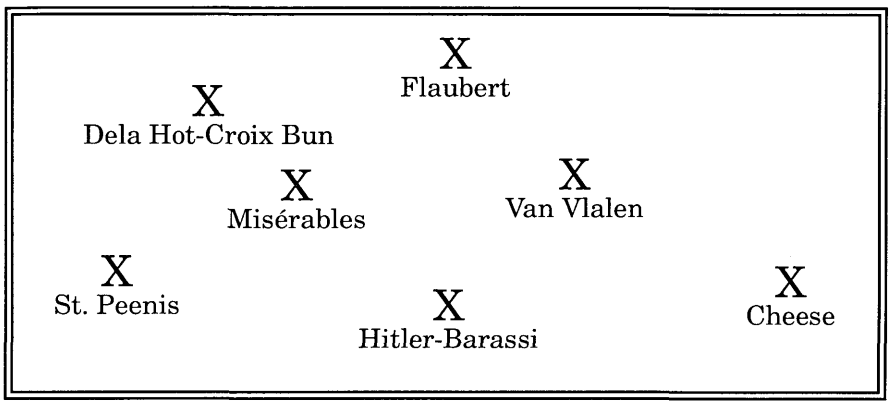

Fig. 17. TISM using Flaubert as drummer.

If we were to impose these methods on *TISM*, the result would be untenable for the requirements of the modern player (see *Fig. 17*). The sole motivation for my role in the tactical formation of *TISM*, or indeed for anything that *TISM* ever does, is, as demonstrated in *Fig. 18*, the close proximity of chicks.

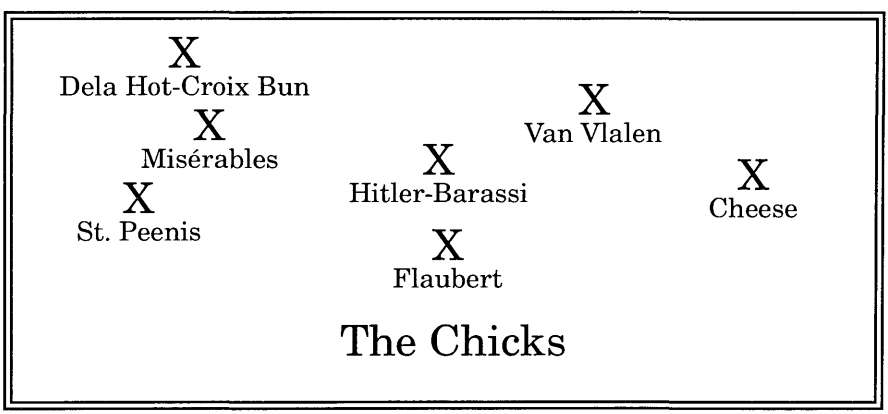

Fig. 18 Flaubert gets the chicks.

June 1988

RIP Ricky

I don't suppose Ricky May dying was hard to predict, but even easier to predict were the sort of brown-nosing obituaries that we had to eat dinner in front of on that Thursday. There it was: on every current affairs show and news service in the nation, we saw Ricky May doing the twist in slow-motion while *It's A Wonderful World* poignantly played over the top. Nationwide, announcers gave him the greatest tribute their shit-filled shows are capable of: the silent, pondering pause, and then: "A great singer, and a wonderful man."

But the recent death of Ricky May poses one obvious question: who gives a shit? Honestly, has anyone you know of, any of your friends, any of your relatives, ever said or thought for a fraction of a second anything that might imply they could give even the briefest, most inconsequential of shits that the man is no more? No way. He might have been the greatest jazz singer in Australia but anyone who appears in a *Swan Lager* ad doesn't deserve a piss in the ear if their brains are on fire. Imagine a survey:

1. Q. Do you give a shit Ricky May died?

Answer						
Age	15–25		25–45		46–65	
Sex	M	F	M	F	M	F
	% of respondents					
Yes	0	0	0	0	0	0
No	100	100	100	100	100	100

Here's a few more for the "Do you give a shit?" questionnaires.

2. Q. Do you give a shit about Brian Brury, John Michael-Howsen, or Elick from the 'Breakfasters'?

   A. (a) Yes, they are my [redacted]
   (b) No.

3. Q. Do you give a shit about the latest groovy band from England?

   A. (a) Yes, I know every song by *Jesus Pots the White* Ball.
   (b) Yes, I have every *Jesus Beats the Off-Side Trap* album.
   (c) Of course, *Jesus Impales Himself on a Hockey Stock* are brilliant.
   (d) No.

4. Q. Do you give a shit about the music of Australian ska bands?

   A. (a) Yes. *White Man Take My Land Offa Me* is my favourite Australian single.
   (b) Yes. *My Land Taken Offa Me By White Man* is my favourite Australian single.
   (c) Yes. *Who Took My Land Offa Me? White Man.* is my favourite Australian single.
   (d) No.

1 Given Brian Brury, John Michael-Howsen and Elick from the 'Breakfasters' are ineligible to reply to this question, who could possibly answer (a)? [*TISM*'s note.]

5. Q. Do you give a shit about *TISM*?

A. (a) Yes. They are really great 'cos they mention Glen Waverley which is near my suburb.
(b) Yes. They mention 'fuck', and 'shit' in their songs.
(c) Yes. They're really wild and radical and they are zany.
(d) No.

There it is, my sweet fucking bird of youth. Five questions to unify the nation.

Hold on, I've just thought of one more:

6. Q. Was the masterly *Hot For The Orient* album, Bongo Starkey's most progressive career move?

A. (a) Yes. A work of brilliance, especially *Red Finger Nails*.
(b) No. Making *The Club*[1] a 'Dancing Bar' was far more successful.

If you answered (b) to that last question you might like to reflect on *TISM*'s appearance there. (Unfortunately I can't make it because that Friday they're burying Ricky May, and we have to get all the dirt back to V.F.L. Park by Saturday).

June 1988

1 Bongo Starkey was, when this press release was written, owner of *The Club* in Collingwood.

Message to Record Company Executives

June 1988

Dear Sir,

The most tragic chapter in the history of rock 'n' roll isn't about the deaths of great stars — it's about the record execs who failed to sign them.

Little known industry man Robert Sanderson turned *The Quarrymen* away before George Martin turned them into *The Beatles*; the hapless Jason Romesburg said, "No way" to a young hopeful called Reggie Dwight — later signed as Elton John. *The Yardbirds*, David Bowie and Billy Joel all were shown the door by executives later haunted at night by the clanging of cash registers ringing up profits that weren't theirs. Let's just hope rock anthologies of the future don't record your name as the exec who turned away *TISM*.

I suppose, in their own minor way, such tragic characters already litter the growing saga of *This Is Serious Mum*.

Consider the entrepreneur who refused to book us in late 1986, only to find our show with a full house, and his nearly empty. (Sure, he had a 'high profile' attraction — but obviously high profile and high popularity don't always coincide.) Or the small independent dealer that dismissed a song called *Defecate On My Face* as commercial suicide, only to see it become a cult classic. The same dealer could, if he tried hard, pick up *Defecate* for the $80.00 a copy it is already valued at.

The bottom line, I guess, is this: we want, like every band, to change the fucking course of Australian rock. We have spent $15,000 at Platinum Studios to do it. We are probably the only independent band in Melbourne with a level of live support that allows such self-financed recording. And it goes without saying that if we had our way we'd change the course of Australian music without *anyone's* assistance. But, as it happens, we realise we'll need someone, sometime from some company to help us do it.

Let's hope it's you.

Yours faithfully,

This Is Serious Mum

I Shit Me

Work shits me
Play shits me
Night shits me
Day shits me
One thing shits me
Most of all
I shit me

Happy shits me
Sad shits me
Good shits me
Bad shits me
They all shit me
But not as much as
I shit me

He shits me
She shits me
They shit me
We shit me
Rich shits me
Poor shits me
Less shits me
More shits me
Out shits me
In shits me
Fat shits me
Thin shits me
Quiet shits me
Loud shits me
Space shits me
Crowds shit me
Country shits me
Town shits me

Up shits me
Down shits me
Black shits me
White shits me
Left shits me
Right shits me

I make me wanna vomit
I'm the pits
Even if the world had some value
I'd still give me the shits

Epistemology shits me
Ontology shits me
Phraseology shits me
Scatology shits me
Life shits me
This song shits me
Even shit shits me
But they don't shit me one tiny eentzy weentzy minuscule macroscopic nanoseismic pan-insignificant zoophytic neo-nonexistent bit compared to the way
I shit me

June 1988

Too Cool For School, Too Stupid For Life

If you work a week full of futile pain
If you sit for hours in the right turn lane
If you despise your working week
If you haven't got one creative streak.

[Too cool for school, too stupid for life]

Are you the rebel in your history class?
Do you sit exams you could never pass?
If you waste money on a guitar
If you're deluded about being a star.

If you're twenty years past your peak
If you've begun to read *TV Week*
If failure is all you can create
If you're dreaming of your one big break.

Do you realize people only join a band
Because everything else they've done has been canned?
Why don't you try it, the disease is rife
Too cool for school, too stupid for life.

It ain't no fun in front of a cheering crowd
It's harder than you think drinking piss
Sometimes you've got to stay up late
It's the 6:30 alarm that I miss
You never get to do the dishes
Because they do that for you in a hotel
All you people getting to work by train
I'm telling you — rock 'n' roll is hell.

June 1988

STATE LIBRARY OF VICTORIA

I Don't Want *TISM*, I Want A Girlfriend

Don't wanna do sound checks
Don't wanna do gigs
Don't wanna do any rehearsal
I just wanna get a girl
Maybe have kids —
A total role reversal.

Put away my songbook
Put away my guitar
Put away my balaclava
Swap them for a briefcase
And a family car —
I just wanna be a father.

[Rock 'n' roll
Ain't no family proposition.]

August 1988

Existentialtism

You know, me and my baby, no couple like us —
We got our Sartre, we got our Camus.
I love her 'cos I hate the stinking bitch
She's like a train — or a horse — I forget which.

[Who cleaned the home?
Jean-Paul Sartre?
Simone de Beauvoir?]

I'm *The Outsider,* not for me conventional law
(Though here's a tip — the book's a bore)
I'll take responsibility for my inner most wishes
But I'll be buggered if I'll do the dishes.

Now my baby's left me, she's walked out the door
Said she won't touch my six inch gold blade any more
I'm aware that *One* can never really know *Other*
But fuck existentialism, I'm going back to mother.

August 1988

A Message From *TISM*'s Record Company

29 August 1988.

Dear colleague,

Hello. Now look, you're an industry person or you wouldn't be getting this little message about *TISM*'s latest record, *I'm Interested In Apathy/Gas! Gas! — An Ecstasy Of Fumbling*. Well, I'm the head of *TISM*'s new record company, so that makes me an industry person as well. At least, it would if I was a person. I'd like to tell you that *TISM* are probably the biggest bunch of whining, middle class, precious girls I've ever had the misfortune to deal with.

Take the cover of the single for example. *TISM* kick up this big fuss because I decide to put the fucking song title clearly on the record! Fuck it, can you believe that? They come up with some crappy university humour idea about leaving the title off to make some obscure play on the words "I've lost interest". *I've lost interest!* My father didn't sit at a desk after the war so some pimple faced pinehead could put out a record without the song title on it.

So I changed it, and here they are beating their heaving artistic breasts about how I've wrecked their idea. If I didn't think the record might sell, I'd have their balaclavas stuck up their collective arse. So they want to be treated like individuals, do they? The only individuals I care about are all numbered and signed by the Governor of the Reserve Bank of Australia.

So, as one rock industry person to another, let me give you this advice: tell the public that *TISM* are a bunch of really sweet guys and that this company is proud to be associated with them.

But personally, if there were some things that money couldn't buy I'd rather have my pride and tell them to fuck themselves. Sometimes I think it's rather a shame there's not.

Yours sincerely,

HECTOR HAPETA
Executive Chairman

P.S. Find enclosed the usual amount. Buy yourself a couple of drinks before reviewing the record, O.K.?

P.P.S. Watch out for our company's next compilation, featuring all our favourite hits from the Fitzgerald Inquiry, entitled *Jack Herbert Sings The Bagman Blues*.

Famous Mediocrities Talk About *TISM*

"Sometimes I get really depressed. I think, why can't I be really just **awful**, like Derryn Hinch, or plain **stupid**, like *60 Minutes*, or even hilarious, like the Channel 10 News; why am I just like the bloke who sits beside Jennifer Keyte on Channel Seven? But then I play my *TISM* records and realise it's not so bad being mediocre."

The bloke who sits next to Jennifer Keyte[1]

"Whenever I line up for goal I sometimes feel as charismatic as Dermott, or as strong as Tony, or sexy like Warwick. But just as I'm about to kick, *40 Years — Then Death* flashes through my head and I miss."

Steven 'Sensitivity' McCann[2]

"Hi, everyone. I know I'm not Brian Bury, but when I get the urge to camp it up with my little pointer, *TISM* lets me know it's OK just to be me."

[redacted]

"When we wrote *Big Bad Noise* we thought: *TISM*"

The Choirboys

1 Jennifer Keyte and the bloke who sits next to her read the news on Channel 7 Melbourne.
2 V.F.L. footballer.
3 Newsreader/weatherman for [redacted] Melbourne.

'I'm not the genius who invented 'Mr. Potato Head', I'm not the fuckwit who produced 'Battling Tops' — I'm the mediocrity who came up with 'Ker—Plunk'. *TISM* came around for a regular session."

The guy who invented 'Ker—Plunk'

"Every time the ball is fetched out of the gutter, I think, 'Thank you *TISM*, for teaching me how to bowl'."

Mike Whitney

"Me and all me mates couldn't be bothered driving all the way into the city, so we just sit around and play *TISM* records."

Any adolescent male of average intelligence from Keysborough, the Basin, Lilydale, Greensborough, Lower Plenty, Thomastown, Thornbury or Knoxfield.

"Whenever I get depressed because I'm not Nick Cave, I think, well, at least I'm not Ron Hitler-Barassi."

Hugo Race

"Take my wife — no one else will."

Paul Hogan

"Thank you *TISM*, that I'm not Bert Newton."

Graham Kennedy

"Thank you *TISM*, that I'm not Don Lane."

Bert Newton

"Thanks for nothing."

Don Lane

August 1988

Dilettante
A Message From The Editor[1]

Becoming the editor of a magazine like *Dilettante* can be damned hard work, which is why I fucked my way to the top. This month I'd like to explain to you some of the more technical aspects of the magazine industry.

Not a lot of you will have noticed, but in between the pictures of girls' breasts and buttocks there are columns of black squiggly things that we in the business call 'words'. These are best read from left to right. Actually, that's just about all you have to know about them, except that when you put them all together they're called 'the english language' — but I certainly won't bother you with *that*.

If you're reading *Dilettante* it means you're a special person: concerned, modern, creative, and stuck in a hairdresser's waiting to get a bonehead. Well, while your head's being turned into something Noah wouldn't allow on the Ark, I hope you enjoy perving through our current issue of *Dilettante* — the magazine for the person who wants to know how to look like you look like you know something.

1 *TISM* wrote this article after a request from *Stilleto* magazine.

Features this month

Page 9 **Sting Asks: *'Have I turned into a pompous, over opinionated, semi-intellectual pissant?'***
Sting's searching self-exploration continues. Our reporter, Carl Jung, follows Sting through the Amazon jungles, the reading room of the British Museum, Mecca, and the Afghan foothills as he searches for the answer to this question.

Page 14 **'Kindness'—An Underground Lifestyle Uncovered**
Nunga Buttocks investigates the strange and unique world of people who choose to be kind. New concepts like 'self-sacrifice', and 'honesty' are explained to *Dilettante* readers, and the question is asked: just why do this strange minority choose to live the way they do?

Page 42 **Quiz: 'How Can I Get Andy Warhol's Name In This Issue?'**
This quiz solves the problem.

Plus all our normal features.

Page 21 **Movies**
Sasha Fornification cleverly manipulates words like 'grandeur', 'challenging', and 'demonic' to fit whatever avant garde dross is current.

Page 76 **Albums**
Some flat chested feminist bitch gets stuck into *TISM.*

Page 79 **Fashion**
Our style guru, Adrian Knight, will blow you away. And you all fucking deserve it, too.

Next Week 'Yes' — Sting's question answered.

P.S. Me and all the boys from *TISM* just shouted 'whoopjoop-jambambaroom' when we heard we could be in your magazine. Not only do we respect it for its intellectual acuity, aesthetic sensitivity and artistic credibility, but we especially like all the nungas. Look, could you make sure the page facing us is full of swim wear? It's the closest we'll ever get you know.

September 1988

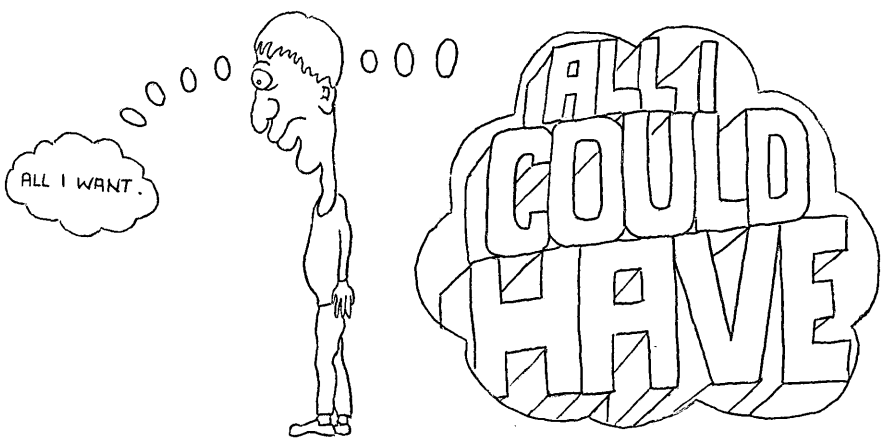

Fig. 18 All I Want; All I Could Have

The *TISM* Designer Drug Collection

Despondency

(*Lycochloro Intoxica Fluoro Enzyme*, or LIFE) *TISM* 's premier drug. Guaranteed to create in the user a pervasive feeling of melancholy sadness, an ineffable pity for oneself and a sense of helplessness in regards to the world.

Contains absolutely no active ingredients whatsoever, it is the only drug that leaves the user's perceptions of reality *exactly* as they were before use. Will not create a strange sense of ecstasy two weeks after use.

Ecstasy

Not really a drug at all. This rush of well being is experienced when the following elements are mixed:

1. The user's left or right kneecap

2. Total darkness on a suburban railway station

3. Sting's testicles

Neurotic self-consciousness

Actually, this happens *before* drug use.

Commercial success

Now we're talking, cocksuckers. I'm absolutely fucking *hooked* on this one. See the fucking charts, did ya? Top forty. Top twenty. Top ten. I'm prepared to sell out every principle I've got to feed this one. I'd break in and steal other people's principles, except I don't know anyone who's got any left.

Avant garde obscurity

Only used by people unable to purchase the previous drug.

***TISM* crack**

Found between the *TISM* buttocks.

The full selection of *TISM* designer drugs can be purchased at any *TISM* gig from the third man from the left, near the stairwell. He's the one dressed in full New South Wales police uniform.

If you wish to purchase any or all of these drugs, the NSW policeman will respond to the code words '[redacted]'. If you don't use this code he may well still sell you illegal drugs, but he'll be doing it as part of his official duties.

October 1988

TISM Deny 'Sell-out' Claim

We here at *TISM* headquarters wish to vehemently deny the accusations of "sell-out" that have so predictably arisen since the release of *I'm Interested In Apathy / Gas! Gas! — An Ecstasy Of Fumbling*. Some have chosen to interpret the melodic vocal lines and polished sound quality of the songs a movement by *TISM* to pander to the faceless commercial market.

Rubbish. *TISM* would never seek to meddle in the filthy cess pool of mainstream rock. The bastardization of music into a mere product tailored for a market that these fascist profiteers perpetuate will never be a— excuse me, the phones ringing — sure, sure; O.K. Susan, tell him to sell at 80.5 and I'll clear it up with Rupert later — sorry, where were we? Yes, ...will never be a part of the *TISM* market strategy. Sorry, I meant *artistic sensibility*.

Look. We're not pacifists. We feel like punching heads. And we would, 'cept we're afraid.

While you're here, I'd like to interest you in the following pieces of *TISM* 's inviolate art. Dirt cheap:

The *TISM* Art & Literature Book List

1) *Happy Days*, Samuel Beckett — Beckett's harrowing drama of man's essential struggle against the malevolent universe. Reworked by *TISM* to include all your favourites, like Laverne, Shirley and the Fonz, and also to cut out some of the boring bits where there isn't much singing.

2) *The New Testament* — *TISM* 's radical new translation from the original Greek provides you with a refreshing reinterpretation of the text. Scriptural insights abound: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for an elephant". *TISM* have also restored the historical validity of the text by cutting out any reference to Jesus.

3) *The Importance Of Being Earnest*, Oscar Wilde — *TISM* 's new title *The Importance Of Earning A Bean* is almost as sick as Wilde's sexual preferences.

4) *How To Fool The Pineheads* — Actually *The Wreckery* wrote the book on this one.

5) *A Defence Of Poetry*, Percy Shelley — *TISM* did not change a thing on this one. Then again, we never read it.

6) *Humility Moves Units* — John Farnham's masterwork.

7) *The Big Lie*, J. Goebbels — includes an admiring introduction by [redacted]

Finally *TISM* wish to, once and for all, refute any aspersions on their genuine artistic sensibility by providing the following total disclosure of their occupational status:

Name	**Occupation**
Humphrey B. Flaubert	Prostitute
Les Misérables	Prostitute
Leek Van Vlalen	Prostitute
Ron Hitler-Barassi	Prostitute
Jon St. Peenis	Prostitute
Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun	Advertising Executive
Jock Cheese	Prostitute

October 1988

TISM Explains To The Mainstream Media Why They Are Playing The PBS — T.V.U. Simulcast

Actually, you can put your jackboots up and rest easy, because *TISM* understands that no-one is at all interested in the above topic. So here's an alternative headline for all you media mendicants:

JAGGER MAINTAINS SILENCE ABOUT *TISM* GIG APPEARANCE!

Now *that's* a headline, and, despite the fact that it is true in the strictest sense, I'm sure none of you would have any moral difficulty — that's M.O.R.A.L. D.I.F... oh, forget it — in printing it.

Actually, what is the *real* reason for *TISM* doing this historic first public radio/television simulcast?

Is it because we are disgusted at the prefabricated diet of intellectual vacuity, moral bankruptcy and emotional irresponsibility that is peddled on our airwaves and newspapers?

Are we determined to try, even if only in a small way, to salvage some sort of sensitive and reasoned pearls from the pigsty of mainstream media?

Do we support this small time yet unique and valuable broadcast because we don't wish to have any part of the faceless, androgynous, bureaucratic cowardly, multinational, propagandizing, capitalist mind control mechanism that is commercial media?

No. We're doing it so we can *get on* the faceless, androgynous, bureaucratic, cowardly, multinational, propagandizing, capitalist mind control mechanism that is commercial media. And when we do, boy, P.B.S./T.V.U. sure can fuck off.

P.S. Mick Jagger will definitely not be appearing at the show. At least, not unless Keith gives in and agrees to let him in on the jam during the encore.

October 1988

Celebrity Guide To Sexual Technique

by

This Is Serious Mum

Introduction

You don't know me, without you have heard of a band called *This Is Serious Mum,* but that ain't no matter because this book is designed to appeal to that small minority of low-minded gutter scum that *aren't TISM* followers. That's why we find it necessary to provide this brief introduction.

Celebrities describing their sexual techniques is a topic that could be handled in a tasteless way. Shoving it in and out is a private thing, and when publishing full colour pictures alongside the comments of these famous stars we feel we have a duty to respect that privacy. Therefore we advise those readers who want to get themselves to a lavatory that the sexual act will not be referred to in a crudely vernacular or euphemistic manner. 'Burying the bishop', 'spearing the bearded clam' and 'extracting the poison' are right out. The act of conjugal union will henceforth be referred to by its proper name: advertising.

TISM wish to thank the celebrities for their many wise words in the 18 chapters. John Bracewell, opening bat for New Zealand, provides us with his unforgettable definition of sex: "Sex is when you hit the ball over the fence without it bouncing". Bono's chapter on sexual intercourse through prayer, "How to bang a virgin and keep her that way" (co-authored by Madonna), Jana Wendt's athletic hints on "How to fit your lover underneath the desk without the camera seeing" and [redacted] "Hot sodomy tips" all fascinate. Equally rewarding is Joh Bjelke-Petersen's chapter on rectal bleeding, "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

Masturbation is not ignored. In fact, the list of celebrities expert on this topic is far too great to print here. Highlights include "The unconscious as an archetypal *gestalt* model" (originally published as"Wändlunger und Symbole dü Wesen"), Sting's brilliant explanation of how to give Carl Jung a toungie, and *The Jesus and Mary Chain's* rather kinky use of mirrors in "Rooting your own reflection". *TISM* provide their own chapter on masturbation: "We get it regular — no, honestly". Irene Bolger weighs in with a chapter entitled "Choosing Abstinence" — at least that's what she likes to call it.

So there it is: all you know and all you need to know about the sexual techniques of the stars. Finally, we think we are justified using the explicit photographs of genitalia accompanying the text, by reminding readers that for most celebrities this involves neck up shots only.

Chapter 1 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 2 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 3 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 4 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 5 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 6 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 7 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 8 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 9 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 10 — missing, see *Afterword*

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Chapter 13 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 14 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 15 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 16 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 17 — missing, see *Afterword*

Chapter 18 — missing, see *Afterword*

Appendix

Readers may wish to note the following literary puns appear in the introduction:

- *You don't know me, without you have heard of a band called* This Is Serious Mum, *but that ain't no matter* — cf. the opening of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Mark Twain.

- *get themselves to a lavatory* — cf. *Hamlet*, Act 3, scene one.

- *Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?* — cf. *Macbeth*, Act 5, scene one.

- *All you know and all you need to know* — cf. *Ode On A Grecian Urn*, John Keats.

Readers should score themselves on the following basis:

- You recognised 0-1 references: You are a true *TISM* follower, and therefore delighted by this puerile press release, even though you don't know what 'puerile' means.

- You recognised 2–3 references: Don't you just **hate** *TISM* ?

- You recognised all four references: You may contribute your own chapter on wanking, you insouciant bastard.

Afterword

TISM apologises for the missing chapters 1–18 of their *Celebrity Guide To Sexual Technique*. These missing chapters will be distributed at their next gig.

November 1988

The *Ram* Interview

Questions by Andrew Mueller

[Q] Why continue to bother with this fax-machine interview lark when it's *already* painfully obvious to anyone with half a mind that you're nothing more than a bunch of stripe shirted yuppies who've come up with a slightly more entertaining alternative to power breakfasts and John Farnham? And the fax machine *is* in your car, isn't it?

[A] Yes, you are right. We will stop. And, yes.

[Q] Who cuts your hair?

[A] The barber.

[Q] What's it like being on *The Factory* ?

[A] Great!

[Q] Has having an album in the top forty turned you into a bunch of prima donna rock star wankers who think they're God's gift to music? Or were you like that anyway? Thought so.

[A] Yes, right again!

[Q] Complete the following sentence:
"I wandered lonely as a _____. Woah baby."

[A] .... cloud.

[Q] Without looking it up, name the only two players to have kicked 150 goals in a VFL season. I want their names, their clubs, the year they did it and their favourite pizza toppings.

[A] Bob Pratt (South Melbourne)
Peter Hudson (Hawthorn)
Sorry. I don't know the rest. You win.

[Q] Is Ron Hitler-Barassi really about to become the replacement Wilbury?

[A] No. He's in *TISM*.

[Q] Is there life on Mars?

[A] Nobody knows yet. Unlikely though.

[Q] How long is a piece of dental floss?

[A] Depends.

[Q] Are any or all of these people in *TISM* ? Please confirm or deny.

Hugo Race
Terence Trent D'Arby
Phar Lap
Lord Lucan
Gary Ablett
Jana Wendt
David Reyne
The 1958 Collingwood side
Rin Tin Tin
Roy Orbison
Stuart Wotsisname from *Crash Politics*
Elvis Presley
The Kings Cross bag lady.

[A] None of them are.

[Q] Is that the time?

[A] No.

[Q] Love to the kids. Bye.

[A] Andrew Mueller.

Thank you Andrew. Your directions were most helpful. It's a shame you didn't stick with plumbing as a career, but I guess creativity just doesn't pay the bills.

Now, where was I? Ah yes ... We were zooming along the Hume towards Sydney in our Iconovan and I was thinking about the sad state of the rock industry. Our driver Mike Trebilcock (pronounced 'Trebil*co*') was droning on and on about how cynical the people are who control what was once youth culture's extremist arm. Damn right, I thought. Churn the rubbish out and make them *pay* for it with their individuality — that's the mentality of today's LCD radio manufactured glossy teen fodder bands. What about pop music with wit and just a little danger? Songs like *Summertime Blues* by Eddie Cochran (pronounced '*Co* ran') come to mind. Sure it was simple, any moron could play it; but hell it *meant* something. But no, my friend, that's not how things are today. Today it's a case of like it or shove it and we get a never-ending stream of parasitic, vacuous businessmen with trendy haircuts, peddling their vicious manipulation with all the moral sensibility of a scag dealer on Christmas night.

I was sickened to the very fibre when I thought of the cheesy production line that is known to the world as *Buttfuck the Minors*, (pronounced '*Stock, Aitken and Waterman* '). Here in Australia, during the last twelve months we have been inundated with artists chained to this, rock's three-man Politburo. And all the faceless *Buttfuck the Minors* product sounds the goddamn same! Do I have to name them? Well, let's start with a few: *Sonic Youth*, Henry Rollins and his *Tones*, *The Jesus and Mary Fast Food Chain* ... can you stand it? Or what about the latest pin-up boys of credibility-brainwash: *R.E.M.* ? I can just imagine Mr. Stipe, the Bond University of American Rock, arriving at rehearsal with the latest results from his 'teen-appeal predicto song writing computer':

"Hey guys, this one will have us laughing all the way to the bank! I got my perm solution bottle instructions and swapped every second word with every fifth word, and I got a great song! It's called *325th Firehouse Quoyahoya Toga Tables Engine Rain Harpoon Auction Quicklime Chinese Boy If.*

The little girls are gonna think I'm real sensitive now!"

Yep. *R.E.M.* The only band with song titles as stupid as that other *Buttfuck The Minors* product — *This Is Serious Mum.*

December 1988

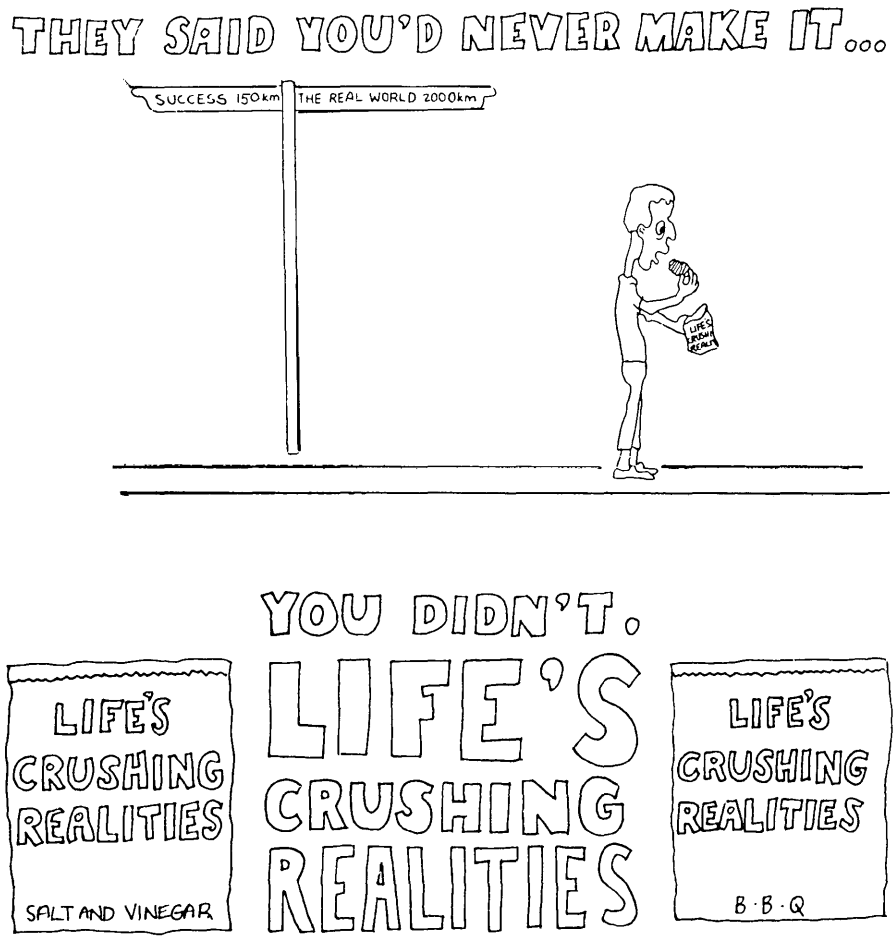

Fig. 20 Life's Crushing Realities

The *Network Magazine* Interview

Questions by Fotis X

[Q] I see a connection between yourselves & *The Residents* ..... admit to it!

[Q] a) Do you go through a lot of aluminium foil when you perform?
b) Can you please make me one of those aluminium solar-powered hats for me?

[Q] Do your mums consider what you do as serious?

[Q] I saw you on the telly and I was almost totally impressed except for the fact that the lead vocalist was wearing footy shorts. Is this necessary?

[Q] Did Michael Angelo drive a truck?

[Q] Are you spear-heading a new-wave of Australian music?

[Q] What are your politics?

[Q] When will you be taking those silly costumes off?

[Q] What type of drugs are you on and can you send some to my editors?

[Q] Do you feel pissed off at not appearing on the Neighbours cast?

[Q] Other than the BLF, who has been your greatest influences?

[Q] Can you prove that wearing your silly T-shirts will increase the size of my slug?

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[Q] Are you all dyslexic or is it just the lead vocalist?

[Q] What would you call the style of ....er.... music you play?

[Q] Can you please do a *U2* sound-a-like for me?

[Q] Why do you think that music is so stilted these days, or don't you? (think)

[Q] What is the highest price you have sold-out on during the live auctions?

Thanks

FOTIS X

CONFIDENTIAL : FROM *TISM* TO FOTIS X

NOT TO BE SEEN BY ANYONE IN THE ADELAIDE ROCK INDUSTRY

Dear Mr X,

You cannot imagine the consternation your disturbing set of questions caused us here at *TISM* Headquarters. Their rapier wit (Did Michael Angelo drive a truck?), keen intelligence and disturbing originality (Does your mother consider what you do as serious?) all combined to make us realize that you obviously are a shining star in the Adelaide avant garde. Indeed, your cognomen — Fotis X — is enough to tell us exactly what sort of person we are dealing with. It is so provocative and confronting that, for the sake of our peace of mind, I hope you don't mind if we alter it slightly.

So you see, Henry, *TISM* cannot answer your questions. For we have a confession to make: *TISM* are *fakes*. That's right, Henry, we are not the anarchic, culturally subversive coterie of thrill killers we seem to be. And we want your advice, as king of the cognoscenti, about how to gain acceptance in Adelaide's fast living and glittering circle of *literati*.

We know how to suck in the pinehead purveyors of nihilistic clap trap across here in Melbourne. Put a pine cone on your head, dye it black, start moaning about your Ku Klux furniture, get the guy you used to beat up in school to play discordant trombone up the back, call your album *Sodom And Gomorrah Fall In Love Then Suicide As One* and you're set. You should see it here in Melbourne, Henry. Any pimply faced faggot who was suspended from a private school feels he has a licence to set himself up as a sort of Franz Kafka of the shelter sheds, and starts to ponce around like he's *not* just a selfish, spoilt narrow minded brat.

We can do this sort of thing fine, Henry, they love it. The poor unsuspecting cocksuckers even think it's **ART**. Excuse me a sec will you, I've got to flip the sides of my Jimmy Barnes record... O.K. but our prob-

lem is this, Henry — what's the drum in Adelaide? What sort of sordid mixture of cough medicine and self-aggrandizement does it take to get the struggling artists to lay down their $10 in the city of churches? We think you're our man, Henry. Your questions bespeak of exactly the sort of target audience — by which I mean 'subversive subculture' — that we're after. We want *authenticity* and *street level credibility*, Henry, and by Christ we're prepared to pay top dollar to buy it.

To make it easier for you, we'd just like you to tick whichever facade you think we should hover behind in your city:

- *The Tortured Poet Pose.* Disturbing silences ponderous symbolism, twelve clarinets all out of tune, while you recite your latest ode to dismemberment. This is the oldest trick in the avant garde book, surely not even Adelaide's impressed by this one anymore.

- *The Cynical Social Commentator.* You know, the type of guy who got a good mark in high school literature so he thinks he's got ability and something to say. A sort of Oscar Wilde approach with insights full of pithy wisdom and an arse full of glans penis.

- *The Aficionado.* The brilliant musical innovator type of thing. Twenty seven key changes a song, drawing on ancient African tribal polyrhythms and incorporating Inca mantras and digitally re-mixed tapes of Hank Williams shooting up.

You pick 'em, we play 'em, Henry. With your inherent affinity with the in-crowd we can't lose.

Thanks for your help, and please don't show anyone this until after they've handed over their cash. By the way, next time you try and think up some questions, try not to fax them to us because the type tends to come off when we're wiping our arse.

Yours,

This Is Serious Mum

December 1988

The *Daily Mirror* Interview

Questions by Rachel Brown

[Q] Why do you not show your faces to the media or on stage?

[A] What do you mean? Like, I know Mark tends to be seen as the front man and everything, but heck, we're important too. Even our sound-mixer; he's part of the band you know.

[Q] Why do you use what I can only assume are pseudonyms?

[A] Look, I know Jeremy Smith sounds like a silly name, but, honest —it's his real one. Not like those cocksuckers from *TISM*, with their 'Ron Mussolini' or whatever.

[Q] Do you think your image is gimmicky?

[A] Yeah, true, true. I know Mark's into all that rippling, singletted, muscular, macho type stuff, and I must admit, that from back here behind the trombone, it looks like he's got some kind of Mike Whitney fixation. Let's face it Rachel, Mark mightn't be a ninety-pound wimp, but he ain't got no twelve and a half inch schlong, neither — but for chrissakes Rachel, don't tell him I said so; I'd be out of the band before you could say, "You don't make me feel like a gynaecologist anymore".

[Q] Do you care if people accuse you of being gimmicky?

[A] Don't press me on this, Rachel. I probably shouldn't have said what I just said in that last answer. You know, a journo never reveals her sources, does she? ... Oh Christ, I forgot — you're a Murdoch journo, aren't you?

[Q] Do you believe the novelty of *TISM* will ever wear off?

[A] Well ... yeah ... I suppose so. They supported us once, at *The Venue* in 1984. They all turned up with briefcases and three-piece suits. Just doin' it for the money, they were telling us. Mark got real upset, 'cos ever since Nick's success in *Crowded House* he's been pushing his "I'm an artist" barrow. He's got all the muscles, and Nick gets all the girls. Oh shit— I've done it again. Listen Rachel, can you not print that one?

[Q] Why, back in 1982, did you decide to form *TISM* ?

[A] Huh ???????

[Q] Where do you find the inspiration for your lyrics?

[A] Well, Mark writes the lyrics. Hold on, what would Mark want me to say?— "Our lyrics are inspired by the mute terrors of the 1980's by employing a series of suburban imagery in a context infused by poetic structure. Our lyrics encapsulate what it means to be Australian. And muscly. " Oh fuck. Fix up that last bit, will you Rachel?

[Q] How do you describe your music?

[A] Okay, okay. We *are* afraid of him. He bosses us around. You should know. You work for Murdoch.

[Q] What Australian bands do you like?

[A] Look I'm a bit worried. Can I get back to you on this one? I'd like to talk to Mark first. I feel a bit like I'm writing an editorial for the *Daily Mirror*, and Rupert hasn't approved the copy yet. Actually, I quite like *Crowded House*. But saying that at the band meeting would be like screaming "I'm bored" at a *Sonic Youth* gig. Y'know — everyone's thinking it, but no one's game to say it, right?

[Q] What Australian bands do you dislike? What is your critical evaluation of *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance* ?

[A] Ah ... we're on safer ground now. I'm from Melbourne, right? It's supposedly the home of Australian avant garde music, and when a bunch of gimmicky, shallow, University types like *TISM* consistently pack houses for over three years — well ... it's time to think, why bother, y'know? The avant garde wouldn't play a record of ours anymore if you paid 'em. Yet these cocksuckers get top of the alternative charts with *Great Truckin' Songs*. I reckon *Great Truckin' Songs* is a tissue of facile disco pop and leering adolescent abuse. Compare it to *Jaws of Life*. Where's the muscular, gritty, authenticity that we produce? These middle-class charlatans will soon be hoist on their own petard.

[Q] Why do you hold this opinion?

[A] I read it in rock magazines.

[Q] Do you take yourselves and your music seriously?

[A] Yeah, yeah, I know Mark does. He's really dedicated to what he does, and to his aesthetic and musical ideals. He'll never compromise. He's an artist devoted to his music.

[Q] Why?

[A] Why? 'Cos he's a weasel-faced, insecure neurotic midget.

[Q] What do your mothers think of your chosen career as rock stars?

[A] Christ! It just slipped out! C'mon Rachel ... please? Mark's not bad ... In fact, here he comes now ...
—No, I'm not doin' nothin' Mark. Just answering a few journo's questions. Someone from the *Daily Mirror*.
— Nah, you wouldn't want to read it ...
— Nah ... c'mon Mark ... really
— Now settle down Mark ... calm down ...
— Ouch !! Christ !! Ooof !! Jesus !! Aaaaargh ...

December 1988

The *Sydney Morning Herald* Interview

Questions by Jon Casimir

[Q1] To what extent is an interview with *TISM*, through this or any other communicative medium, an exercise in futility?

[A] To what extent is an interview with *TISM*, through this or any other communicative medium, an exercise in futility.

[Q2] How many angels can swim on the head of a beer?

[A] Get thee in my behind, Satan.

[Q3] If anyone out there really believed that the *TISM* coffers contained more than a couple of boy scouts and 62 cents, you would undoubtedly form an entire chapter in Australian defamation history. Is the difficulty of legal reprisal what you value so much about anonymity or are there more important benefits?

[A] What we value most about our anonymity is that, unlike most rock bands, we *choose* it.

[Q4] TISM statements display a relentless iconoclasm. Are there any ultimate taboos, any final frontiers, toes you would not squash under the grinding boot of artistic merit?

[A] See answer to question 10.

[Q5] Despite proclaiming yourselves to be interested in apathy, your output seems to be governed by the mentality of the electric cattle prod —this ought to wake them up boys. Isn't apathy, to some extent at least, what you're trying to get rid of?

[A] See answer to question 10.

[Q6] How would you feel if I revealed that I am *TISM* (well, myself and a few strategically placed glove puppets) and demanded all my pitiful royalties while simultaneously claiming all the groupies?

[A] See answer to question 10.

[Q7] What role do you think the band plays in rock's rich tapestry? To what extent do you think your scatological, violent, black humour offers acatharsis to the listener, a chance to work out antisocial aggression by revelling in anti-socialism?

[A] See answer to question 10.

[Q8] What have you done with Elvis Presley?

[A] See answer to question 10.

[Q9] Why is it that, in artistic terms, your ideas are post-modern, while your song structures are in a firmly traditional mode? Or to put it another way, why are your press releases more interesting than your songs? (NB: If you really were serious, you probably wouldn't release records.)

[A] The reason for this, Jon, you perspicacious over-analytical cock-sucker, is because it's far easier to toss off a quick dose of good, solid post-modernism than to write a 'traditional' — as you so slightingly refer to it — pop song. Post modernism is as easy as one — two — Albert Camus. Here we go now. I feel a dose of post-modernism coming on:

The Janus—Faced Bead Game

The street lights stretched provocatively into the distance, forming in the distant perspective a distant view of a distinctly distant capital *V*. Remus saw the arc of bluish-orange electric light, and thought, "What would Romulus say, if he were here today, in this world obsessed with ephemera? Who is this fellow?"

"Ah, mista, why not?" grunted his new companion, stamping his feet on the permafrost.

"Seeing the wise man is not heaving the fool", replied Remus.

"Fish. Fish. Fish. Fish. Fish. " chattered the overhead subway express.

The End

See what I mean, Jon. Anyone can toss off this shit in 15 seconds. All the fucking dance groups, every puppet troupe, the theatre collectives, the no support centres, the poetry-performance origami synthesis consortia, they're all the fuckin' same, they mystify and bore the audience shitless, but the audience are all too fuckin' ridiculously caught-up in their post-modernist underwear to say so.

The post-modernist emperor has no clothes, Jon. If everyone has 15 minutes of fame, Andy Warhol had 14 too many. Give me a good, long traditional work of boring, straight narrative; give me a hero with moral attractiveness, not a confronting juxtaposition of disturbingly evocative imagery eschewing the device of chronological narrative structure. Jesus, Jon, surely you've been bored shitless by enough brilliant one-person explanations of this slowly cooling universe to last you a life time?

Give me a pop-song, mate. Give me a fucking pop-song. Not only is it more fun, it's pretty fuckin' hard to write as well. You can bung in as many out-of-tune oboes as you want, but putting chords together so they sound pleasant isn't as simple as it might appear. It mightn't be the Sistine Chapel, but what is? Ollie fucking Olsen with his stupid feedback and cough mixture? *The Jesus and Mary Chain*, with their stupid feedback, and their stupid stage show with 800 powerful stupid lights and enough stupid dry ice to enhance their stupid stupidity up its own bullshit crappy teenage pretentious one dimensional dick witted pissant artistic enigma?

So you tell me, Jon, what have you listened to for a good time that isn't, after all, a 'traditional' song? Still playing the Mike Oldfield records, huh? Still whipping *Yessongs* on for a good time? Wanna count on one hand how many people have fun at a

Sonic Youth gig? I'm not supporting *The Choirboys*, old man, I'm just saying that the day some jumped up over-paid self-important post-modernist cocksucker puts his foot upon his Fairlight computer in the middle of his 47 minute opus *The Silent Forgiveness Of The Pig-God* and belts out the chords to *Johnny B. Goode* is the day I'll join you at the footlights of post-modernism.

Besides which, pop songs sell more.

[Q10] Can I join *TISM* ? If so, do I have to declare it on my tax return? And can I get my money back if it doesn't fit?

[A] Jon — Yes. Welcome. You are now an official member of *This Is Serious Mum*. Your first job as a *TISM* member is to answer some questions faxed to us by some Sydney journo. No surprises, I'm afraid, just the normal needling, smartarse "I've-got-you-worked-out-you-can't-fool-me-you-Uni-student-pseudo-intellectual-bun ch-of-masked-wankers" insecure journo questions. Being a member of *TISM* Jon, you know what it's like. Any half-literate schoolboy who passed Year 11 English thinks that it's his God-given duty to show you that you can't fool him, that the rest of the plebs mightn't understand, but he's one of the *literati* that's not to be sneered at like the rest of them. You'll get used to it Jon, it happens all the time. Anyway, here's the questions. See you at rehearsal.

[Q] *TISM* statements display a relentless iconoclasm. Are there any ultimate taboos, any final frontiers, toes you would not squash under the grinding boot of artistic merit?

[Q] Despite proclaiming yourselves to be interested in apathy, your output seems to be governed by the mentality of the electric cattle prod — this ought to wake them up boys. Isn't apathy, to some extent at least, what you're trying to get rid of?

[Q] How would you feel if I revealed that I am *TISM* (well myself and a few strategically placed glove puppets) and demanded all my pitiful royalties while simultaneously claiming all the groupies?

[Q] What role do you think the band plays in rock's rich tapestry? To what extent do you think your scatological, violent, black humour offers acatharsis to the listener, a chance to work out antisocial aggression by revelling in anti-socialism?

[Q] What have you done with Elvis Presley?

December 1988

The New Year's Eve

BATTLE OF THE GIGS!

Lead Singers State Their Case

Yes!, *Hunters and Collectors*, *Big Pig*, and *TISM* **CLASH** on New Year's Eve. Melbourne's **BIG THREE** meet **HEAD TO HEAD** in what promises to be the biggest **HEAD ON COLLISION** of the New Year period.

Who will be driving with a bull bar, and who will end up just another puddle of statistics on the bloodstained bitumen?

Will the Hunters be *collected?* Will the Pigs be *BIG?* Will the Serious Mums be *This Is* ... er, forget it.

The front persons of all three bands have agreed to **STATE THEIR CASE** for you today.

You Make The Decision!

G'day mate,

We at the Hunnas consider ourselves to be the V.B. of rock bands, and I can fuckin' tell ya that makes *TISM* flat beer and *BigPig* the fucking sweet sherry — stand back for a sec will ya, I wanna flex my muscles.

Ahh, that's better. Look, I know I look like Tom Hafey, but Ole Flowerpresser or who ever he is looks like the guys I used to beat up behind the shelter sheds in primary school and Ron Hitler-Barassi looks like a West Indies bowler on a hunger strike.

Look, how do you satisfy a woman in bed? **Who cares.**

Mark Seymour

Hi there,

Firstly, I'd like to congratulate Nick on *Crowded House's* wonderful success ... Oh, I'm sorry ... that's the other Seymour brother, isn't it? Oh, I'm such a forgetful *devil*, aren't I. Well, here's a big Kissy-wissy Markee, to make up — sssmmmMMMMMACK!— oh, you put the tongue in, you naughty boy!

Of the three bands playing New Year's Eve, *Big Pig* is the only one with a woman in it — two really, if you count Sherine. That's why I think all the boys should come to our gig. Excuse me a sec will you? Just a bit more of a perm at the top dear; yes, that's divine dahrling. Hairdressers: you know, I can't seem to find one that can blow me properly.

Which brings me back to the boys. Why not come to see *BigPig*, at least we won't sweat all over you like Ron Hitler-Barassi, who must *smell* like a big pig backstage, and I tell you what, Mark Seymour might be good in bed, but at least I don't scream out the Carlton theme song when I ejaculate.

I know how to treat a man like a woman in bed.

Kisses,

Ole

P.S. I think that should be "I know how to treat a woman in bed like a man" ... er. . "I know how to treat a woman like a man in bed" ... "I know how to act like a woman in bed" ... look, let's forget it, OK?

Dear rock fan,

Go to their fucking gigs.

Ron Hitler-Barassi

TISM play at The Club, Smith Street, Collingwood. *Big Pig* play the Albury-Wodonga Meat Auction Hall, NSW. *Hunters and Collectors* play the World Steroid Gym Work Out Centre, Athens.

The Canberra Times Interview

Questions by Jeannie Zakharov

[Q1] What are your real names?

[A] Fair enough. You've got us. Your probing question has penetrated our shady guise. Our real names are as follows:

Jock Cheese is in fact Jon St. Peenis
Les Misérables is in fact Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun
Ron Hitler-Barassi is in fact Leak Van Vlalen
Humphrey B. Flaubert is in fact Humphrey B. Flaubert
Leak Van Vlalen is in fact Jock Cheese
Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun is in fact Les Misérables
Jon St. Peenis is in fact Jeannie Zakharov

[Q2] Are you or were you ever engineering students?

[A] I'm afraid you can't catch us out again, for all your crafty journalistic nous. Asking us if we were ever engineering students is like asking whether a four by four inch concrete reinforced agricultural pipe put under a stress factor of 2.6 Newtons per square millimetre over an average of 30 cubic metres will break. Of course not.

[Q3] What are your day jobs?

[A] I warn you — another question like that and we'll start on the Zakharov jokes ...

[Q4] You have been remarkably successful by insulting fans and journalists, wearing balaclavas, telling lies and serving up generous helpings of undergraduate humour. Who thought up the marketing concept?

[A] Fuck off.

[Q5] Why has this approach worked so well?

[A] Fuck off.

[Q6] But are you in danger of falling into a rut?

[A] Fuck off. Oops ... Looks like you got us again, Jeannie.

[Q7] What do you plan to insult in Canberra?

[A] Our own intelligence.

[Q8] What do you think of performing at ANU?

[A] Look like we got you there on that last question, Jeannie, but I reckon with our next answer we're handing it to you on a platter. We think performing at ANU will be much the same as performing at BUTTOC or BOTTO, or indeed RECTU, and of course not forgetting the new Bond financed ARSEHOL. (Told you you'd win on that one, Jeannie.)

[Q9] What sort of people are in your audiences?

[A] Well, it's been a tough battle, but here at the penultimate question I feel that we've put up a pretty good show. Myself, I'll give you question 1, 2, 6 and 8. But I'm claiming 3, 4, 5 and 7. So that makes us 4 all, Jeannie, with only one more question to go. Looks like it'll go right down to the line, with the wily street-wise hard-nosed Canberra pro and the cheeky quick-witted newcomers from down south both only one gasp from the line. Good luck Jeannie; with a name like yours you sure deserve it.

[Q10] Why do you conduct your interviews by fax?

[A] You win, Jeannie.

December 1988

The *Adelaide Advertiser* Interview

Questions by Michelle Sparshott

[Q] Why do the band always wear masks, is it to avoid recognition from your many fans or is there something else you are trying to hide?

[A] Well, Michelle, we'd just like to start off by saying a quiet word of thanks for your straightforward, unpretentious approach to this interview. This first question, for example: compare it to some of the other questions we get. Things like: "How many angels will fit on the head of a beer?" or "When are people going to become bored with your silly personas?" Most of the questions we receive simply indicate that the interviewer is just trying to play a game with us, and put us down. We can certainly tell that this isn't the same with your question.

[Q] Do you think you will ever reveal yourself to your fans and perform without the masks?

[A] Again, with this question, you've displayed a non-satiric constructive and straightforward approach that we much appreciate. By golly, it really is wonderful to meet a rock journalist who seems to want to *like* bands, not just sit behind a telex or a desk and sneer at them for his or her own enjoyment.

[Q] How long have *This Is Serious Mum* been together and who thought of the concept of performing masked?

[A] It hurts. We don't mind admitting it Michelle. Underneath these masks, we're people, Michelle, we're people. Actually, we're lonely people. People who don't mind a little companionship.

[Q] Do any of the band members have a professional music background?

[A] Well, yes, Michelle. We did a stint as s house band at the over-35's Computer-Dating Monthly Dinner Dance. It was quite a success; we always had a very nice time and the buffet dinners were really pleasant. The chaps there seemed to really like us, and once they even asked us for an encore, but unfortunately we left our sheet music for *The Pride Of Erin* at home. So you can see Michelle — can I call you Mish? — we have had some professional musical experience. We never met any girls but.

[Q] How do you think your unusual lyrics will go down in Queensland?

[A] Thanks for calling them unusual, Mish. We get a lot of flak over those lyrics, but, well, you seem to understand. You really do seem to be on the same wavelength. We obviously have a real lot in common, more than just friends, you know? We've never really met anyone, like you.

[Q] Do you set out to deliberately shock your audience or does it just come naturally?

[A] Well, look, before we answer that question Mish, we were just wondering, when we're up in Brisbane, and if you've got any free time ... could you ... you know ... like, would you like to ... um ... Let's get back to your question — we don't seem to naturally *shock* anyone it's just that certain types of people don't seem to like us much. ... Mainly girls, really ... but don't be put off.

[Q] Are any of *TISM's* members already in the public eye or performing in another group unmasked?

[A] Mish, um, remember we were talking before about us having some spare time, well ... a mate of ours that we know from the over 35's Computer-Dating club has let us a spare ticket to the dinner dance of the Brisbane chapter of the club. It's sure to be a

really pleasant evening. Would you like to ... damn! I can't! I just can't!

Sorry about the ear-wax stains on the page.

[Q] What are *TISM's* hopes for the album and plans for the future?

[A] We were sort of hoping that you and us could plan things together from now on Mish. We — We — We — really like "Jason" for a boy's name, and of course we'd call a girl "Michelle", though, I'm sure your mother's got a really nice name as well. We really admire your mother for bringing up a nice girl like you, which is really hard with so many decadent bands and drugs and homosexuals around. Anyway, before we go, about that dinner dance, like, do you think we should bring that spare ticket? We — We — don't mind if you have to wash your hair, or if you have something you want to watch on telly that night ... It's O. K. to say no. Like, we're not pushing. Say no if you like ... We'll just forget it if you want to ...
O. K., well ... goodbye then ... um ... O. K ... O. K. ...

February 1989

The *Gold Coast Sun* Interview

Questions by Danielle Dunsmore

[Q] Why doesn't your mother take you seriously?

[A] Well Danielle, who would? Hmm? Surely its obvious by the fact that we cover behind masks that our appeal is a purely one-dimensional and shallow thing. Let's look behind the masks, Danielle. What you'll find is that underneath a smoke screen of petulant schoolboy sarcasm and University humour are a set of un-challenging and uninspired disco pop tunes. Strip away the Pythonesque paraphernalia and you're left with mediocre pop songs that are no more challenging than any of the so-called mainstream mediocrities we choose to hate. We in *TISM* would never ever listen to a *TISM* record. We prefer music that is inventive, challenging, unique — the brilliance of *Sonic Youth*, the uniqueness of Henry Rollins, the startling originality of *The Cocteau Twins*, put our flaccid efforts to shame. Probably the thing that most disgusts us about ourselves is that our lack of musical invention is hidden behind a tacky veil of complacent sarcasm.

[Q] What about your dad? Why doesn't he get a mention?

[A] Why should he get a mention? It's about time the people who aren't worth mentioning are buried and forgotten forever. What I'm talking about Danielle is the petulant pompous purveyors of so-called avant garde rock. These spoilt rich kids stand on their hind legs, genitalia akimbo, grinding out the spurious trash that their acolytes lap up as art. How many times can the brainless herd-instinct amongst our pubescent 'independent' culture be triggered by the posing preening likes of *Sonic Youth* or *The Cocteau Twins*. No wonder we wear fucking masks, Danielle. When we see the likes of Henry Rollins we're ashamed of the very subculture we represent.

[Q] Are you all related?

[A] We're all related by greed, cynicism and contempt for our audience.

[Q] And if so what are you related to?

[A] Like Tolstoy, we all relate to the concept that in art, as in life, *Truth* is the ultimate achievement. We share his affirmation of man's basic dignity and the purity of aesthetic impulses.

[Q] What sex are you?

[A] I'm afraid I cannot answer that question. We cherish our anonymity as it is our greatest artistic tool.

[Q] Why don't you want people to know who you are? Are you too embarrassed?

[A] Listen, this anonymity bit is all crap. Here are our names and addresses:

Bill Scott — 24 Ardware Crescent, Hartwell
Michael Rolton — 16 LeHavre Drive, Templestowe
Terry Manning — Flat 3/87 Castlemaine Road, Preston
Travis Biojvic — 16 Myrtleford Avenue, Camberwell
John Cavanagh — Lot 14, Jacques Road, Narre Warren
Kirsten Beaufort — 12 Little Glen Crescent, Altona South
Peter Van Aiken — 71 Opus Road, Ringwood
OK, so stop harping on this identity thing, because it's not important to what we're on about.

[Q] Do you see yourselves as the next *Kiss*? Hounded by the press for your true identities. Or the next Batman and Robin? Hounded by weird criminals for your true identity. Or are you illegal immigrants?

[A] Although we don't see ourselves as the next *Kiss*, like them, our obviously manufactured and anonymous personas are a vital part of our public profile.

[Q] Do you surf?

[A] No, I'm afraid that surfing has never held any attraction for us.

[Q] If not what do you do for fun?

[A] Surfing.

[Q] What do you like?

[A] (Let's stop the bullshit. We'll answer these consistently.) OK — what do we like: that frenzied moment of excitement as we hit the stage.

[Q] What do you hate?

[A] What do we hate? — That frenzied moment of excitement as we hit the stage.

[Q] Describe your music.

[A] Let me use a simile to describe our music. Our lead guitar is like a protective shield against the radiation of an uncaring world.

[Q] Is your lead guitar a protective shield against the radiation of an uncaring world?

[A] Of course not. That is a totally inappropriate manner in which to describe our music.

[Q] What are your motives and messages?

[A] Yes. Of course.

[Q] Are you better live on stage or on vinyl and on my stereo?

[A] No. Of course not.

[Q] Have you any heroes or heroines (not the drug) ?

[A] Why yes.

[Q] Who are your influences?

[A] Well, no.

[Q] Do you like journalists?

[A] Yes.

[Q] What kind of cars do you drive?

[A] No.

[Q] What kind of cars would you like to drive?

[A] Y.

[Q] Do you play in stereo or mono?

[A] N.

[Q] What is serious?

[A] See above.

February 1989

The *Courier-Mail* Interview

Questions by Danielle Koopman

[Q] How long have you been together as a band?

[A] *TISM* has been together since 1945, the year in which we played Prussian Army marching songs for the Albury-Wodonga Country Women's Auxiliary Annual Snowball Bake-off. We would like to state immediately that we are deeply ashamed of our association with such an organisation. In the blind ignorance of youth we would not see it for the deeply subversive Moscow-controlled 5th column that it so obviously was.

[Q] What sort of audience do you cater for: Bevans? Yuppies? Working Class?

[A] We cater for the good, solid, ordinary, decent, law-abiding Christian backbone of our nation; namely the country man, his good wife and children. We hold the family unit as sacred and all the profits from our tour will be going towards the 'Keep Life Sacred Centre For The Slaughter Of Unwed Mothers'.

[Q] What would you say to someone accusing you as being a negative influence on teenagers?

[A] We would like to invite that person to join us in our campaign against the mind-numbingly hypnotic voodoo of rock music. As you know, Danielle, rock music is a thought-control mechanism designed to brainwash our youth into obeying the God-less, power-mad dictators buried keep in the Kremlin. We even invite this person to write to the following address: 'Rupert Murdoch's Stop-The-Thought-Control Campaign' C/- your local Catholic church.

[Q] Why do you use so much obscene language?

[A] You might well attempt to smoke screen the truth with your accusations of obscenity, but let me tell you what true obscenity is. Read on if you dare, because *TISM* are prepared to take things to the limits to say something that no Queensland newspaper would even dare print, and that's this: *The Courier-Mail* is in fact a front for the Peking-controlled super secret 5th column brigade, the specialist Ninja Jack "Mao" Herbert Commando task force. Yes, Danielle (though we know your real name is Madame Tse-Antichrist) the reason why *TISM* are coming up to the sleazy, socialist, bohemian North is to try and teach you a few of the good conservative time-honoured family values like respect, obedience, and not crossing when it says "Don't Walk".

[Q] Do you think you are in touch with your audience?

[Q] Do you expect to lead a fashion trend in balaclavas?

[Q] Why won't you reveal your identity? Are you scared of being beaten up?

[Q] Have you played as *TISM* in Queensland before?

[Q] What do you think the Queensland audience will think of you?

[Q] Do you expect to be arrested in Brisbane for obscenity, like Rodney Rude?

[A] You ask us what we would do if we are arrested like Rodney Rude. Well, we support the Police Force, by jingo, and if you people, you people in the Press don't understand well then I tell you what, I'll send the Chief Commissioner around to explain it to you. Crikey yes don't you worry about that. What's all this, we're going to come up there and put a stop to all this, all this inquiry business quick smart. If the Police want to come and arrest a highly suspicious Russian operative like Rodney Rude, they shouldn't have to

justify it to anyone. They were only obeying orders — another time honoured maxim that seems to have gone out the windows these days.

[Q] Are you planning to release an album overseas? If so, where?

[Q] Do you think Americans would like *TISM* ?

[Q] Are there any bands or singers that have influenced *TISM* ?

[Q] Do you see yourselves as the 1980's version of *The Sex Pistols* ?

[Q] Is there anything else we should know about you?

[A] You ask us is there anything else you should know about us, but what is it that you're not telling us about you? Send this message back to your yellow-skinned Communist masters buried deep in their underground thought-control caverns 700 feet below the Forbidden City: *TISM* are coming, and we won't leave until Queensland has been cleansed of the decadent libertine socialist image it now parades so shamelessly before the rest of clean-living Australia.

February 1989

The *JJJ* Interview

Questions by Maynard F# Crabbes

[Q] What do *TISM* like most about Sydney?

[A] We love the miles and miles of endless desert, and how it's the biggest rock in the world.

[Q] Will the group be working with Tom Jones or Barry Crocker in the near future?

[A] No, but actually we'll be working with Prince doing a cover of Tom Jones' *Kiss*.

[Q] What can people expect at their Sydney show?

[A] Well, just the usual. At the Sydney Show there will be fun things for all the family. The kiddies can learn about horticulture, there'll be rides and games for the older kiddies, and Mum and Dad will enjoy watching the animal parades and the annual woodchop. And, of course, there'll be showbags.

[Q] What's the last thing they'll do before leaving town?

[A] Well, Maynard, there's this show called Dobie Gillis — right? You probably don't know it, it's a bit of an elite cult thing, you know, but anyway, we had a great idea. We've decided to, like, take a character from that series, and make a, you know, witty play on words with his name. Pretty wild, eh? That's the sort of crazy guys we are. So what we'll do before leaving town is change the band's name to ... wait for it — Doobie Crevice!! Get it?

February 1989

Another *Adelaide Advertiser* Interview

[Q] Please provide a rundown of *TISM* members, their roles within the band and a potted psychoanalysis.

[Q] Why won't you reveal your faces/true identities? Are you saving this as a publicity-grabber for when your careers hit rock bottom, as *Kiss* did?

[Q] What is truck music and where did it have its origins?

[Q] Do you in any way, shape or form believe the band is making a worthwhile contribution to the country, as either musicians or human beings?

[Q] Do you encourage the active dismemberment of US citizens, as suggested by the song *Kill Americans* ? Is this, along with the band's penchant for Ku Klux Klan outfits, symbolic of wider racial intolerance?

[Q] *Do Defecate On My Face, I Shit Me* and *The Penis Is Mightier Than The Sword* have any social significance beyond adolescent poo jokes?

[Q] Your performances are said to arouse young males who react with violent slamdancing. The band reciprocates by jumping onto them from the stage. Is this the mating ritual in a strange relationship between performer and audience?

[Q] What is *TISM's* definition of "_____"?

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Dear Advertiser,

Thank you very much for your application to question *TISM*, but I regret to inform you that at present your questions cannot be considered. The *TISM* Standing Committee on Questions and Answers unfortunately felt your application was not appropriate.

However, I personally would like to assure you that your case has been fully considered. Your disadvantages — ie. you are from Adelaide and you are a journalist — were taken into account. Moreover, given your aforementioned disadvantages, the committee also assumed you were a "AIDS suffering faggot", and they wish you the best of luck with your battle against disease.

Purely to help you develop your application technique, I include some of the following excerpts from the committee minutes. Please remember the committee has a rather hearty and earthy style.

In relation to question one, "Please provide a rundown of *TISM* members, their roles within the band and a potted psychoanalysis", the minutes read as follows:

RHB:	This is from Adelaide
E dela HCB:	Where?
RHB:	Adelaide ... Any clues anyone? [general silence]
JC:	That's where all the faggots are.
All present:	Ahh, there!

Question two:

("Why won't you reveal your faces? Are you saving this as a publicity-grabber for when your careers hit rock bottom, as *Kiss* did?") elicits the following response:

E de la HCB:	Who is this cock sucker?
LM:	Tell him our careers hit rock-bottom the day we received these questions.

Question three:

"What is truck music and where did it have its origins?". The minutes read:

H.B.F. : I feel the role of the back-bencher in a modern plutocratic technologically advanced democracy is becoming increasingly difficult.

J.C. : I quite agree. You are touching, I suppose, on the need for a specialist technocratic insight combined with the traditional qualities of the populist politician.

I am afraid at this point the committee moved rather tangentially away from your questions as they stand. Rather touchingly, however, the committee have asked me to pass on that fact that in response to your question number six ("Do *Defecate On My Face, I Shit Me* and *The Penis Is Mightier Than The Sword* have any social significance beyond adolescent poo jokes?"), that from now on you can consider all the songs as applying to yourself personally.

Once again, thank you for applying to question *TISM*. I fervently hope that one day you will even be able to get some answers, so do not hesitate to apply again. Finally, the committee have advised you to "beware of bum sex".

Yours,

Secretary to the *TISM* Committee
on Questions and Answers.

P.S. How much for a hand job in Adelaide?

February 1988

The *Sunday Telegraph* Interview

Questions by Bob Hughes

[Q] What's the story behind the name? How long since someone asked when you were going to get a real job? What do you mums think of what you're doing?

[A] The members of this band met at a Gallup Poll analysts Convention. We were all selling entropy show-bags at the time. The name *This Is Serious Mum* came from random sampling of the community of a period of 7–10 years. During this period we found some starling results:

60% of all band names included the word "the"
92% of all band names included the word "botty"
(this result was later attributed to random error.)
0.000% of all band names included the phrase
This Is Serious Mum

There was no turning back. Well, five out of seven of us thought that, anyway.

[Q] What about the mysterious appearance? Why the anonymity? What other anonymous bands influenced you — *The Residents*, and *The Mysterions*, *Klaatu*? Can you keep the mystery when you become more famous?

[A] 93.7% of all rock music is completely anonymous. We saw no reason to deviate from this statistic.

[Q] How come it's been 18 months since you've been here? Why now? Where does this tour take you?

[A] After close analysis, we deduced that more people listened to rock bands whose names begin with "T" during the last week in February, than at any other time in the year.

I'm sorry.

That was a smug, oh-too-predictable answer. Makes you want to give up journalism, doesn't it, Bob? It's just ... well, what with my wife's disease ... and the school fees ... It hurts Bob, It hurts. It's like the Old Rosey Tatts classic *Nice Boys Don't Do Standard Deviation.*

[Q] Who writes your press releases? Do you ever get sued for them? Or didn't Mark Seymour understand the references? Could you send me some other I might not have seen, apart from the one about the *Big Pig, Hunnas* show?

[A] Our press releases are directly transcribed from data received from our famous Poll 274 A. where the subjects are simply asked — "What do you think of when I say ' *Rolling Stone Magazine* '?"

[Q] What's a typical *TISM* show like?

[A] Going to a typical *TISM* show is like walking to Balmain dressing rooms wearing women's clothing and shouting "I'll give ten thousand dollars to the first poofter who bottles me", or alternately, like a good hard bar graph.

[Q] Are you happy with the success of *Greatest Trucking Songs* ?

[A] Any John Laws album that sells well is most pleasing news. That title is a bit of a rip-off of ours, though.

[Q] What do you plan for the next six months?

[A] In the next six months we intend to recline at our Double Bay villa, whilst planning further guerilla action for the Revolutionary Marxist Statisticians Militia. Also we will free Nelson Mandela and block supply to the Whitlam Government.

[Q] What do you think of A & R in Australia?

[A] 63% of all Australian's felt that, without A and R, Australia would be 'ustli'. Boom fucking boom.

[Q] Can I have a list of names, and instruments played?

[A] *TISM* are:

Eugène Dela Hot-Croix Bun — Cor Anglais
Humphrey B. Flaubert — Cor Anglais
Ron Hitler Barassi — Cor Anglais
Jock Cheese — Cor Anglais
Leak Van Vlalen — Cor Anglais
Jon St. Peenis — Cor Anglais
Les Misérables — All other instruments

February 1989

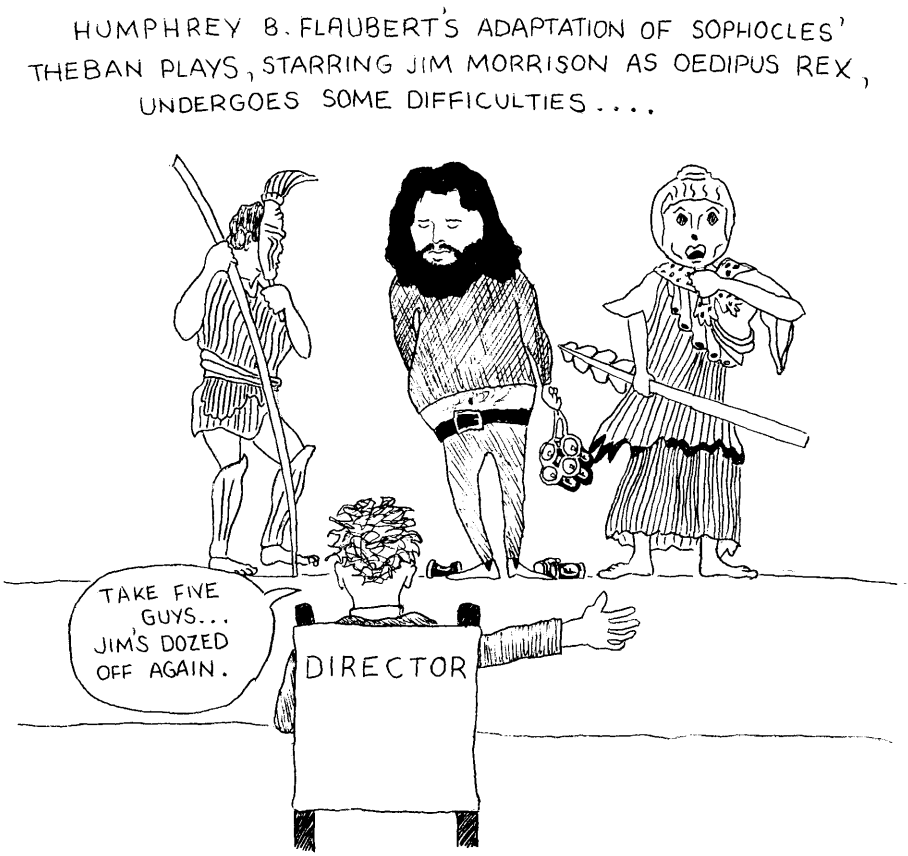
HUMPHREY B. FLAUBERT'S ADAPTATION OF SOPHOCLES' THEBAN PLAYS, STARRING JIM MORRISON AS OEDIPUS REX, UNDERGOES SOME DIFFICULTIES....
TAKE FIVE GUYS... JIM'S DOZED OFF AGAIN.
DIRECTOR

Fig. 21 Jim Morrison As Oedipus Rex

Chapter 7
Form

NO-ONE IN ROCK could ever claim to be a genius, or even especially talented. Every person in rock uses a form of expression so limited that nothing of lasting value will ever be created. Rock, by definition, is transitory and one dimensional.

Music and image become indistinguishable and both tap into the potent reservoirs of self-delusion and vicarious enjoyment.

By taking an essentially transitory music form and giving it these associations, 'Rock' (with a capital 'R') becomes something that appeals to the perennial and permanent desires of people.

Because the appeal of rock music lies essentially not in the valid form of the music, but in a basically illegitimate appeal grafted artificially onto that form, the satisfactions to be gained from any single creation within that form are extremely dubious.

This basic artificiality means Rock's appeal is to the less admirable, more self-deceiving elements in a person's nature. The corruption of its appeal ensures the objectionable quality of what that appeal feeds on.

So *TISM* says, "Let them eat cake". The Marie Antoinettes of rock 'n' roll just want to give you a good time. Grab your blue suede shoes, punters, and get down for the aural guillotine. Ooohhh, boogie. Oooohhh boogie. Ooooohhhh boogie. Ooooooooohhhhhh. Ooooooooohhhhhh. Ooooooooohhhhhh oooooooohhhh oooohhhh...

Form implies structure, which implies intent. The Artist's instinctive or deliberate volition constructs the Object, which has all along awaited the guiding hand so inimical to all that remains protean, or formless. Witness the Order that Constable elicits from the confusion

of his *Speed, Wind and Smoke*. Similarly, De Toquiville's *Paris*, Joyce's *Dubliners*, Krakour's *Penetration de Femme* and Fellini's *81/2*.

Van Vlalen's *Pamphlet on the Meaning of Meaning*, so often cited in such cases, says, "All that is not Form remains classifiable as 'Not Form', but only in so far as we are considering Form *qua* Form. Any other consideration may or may not render the above mentioned maxim invalid, or valid, depending on the essential validity of what is being conjectured."

Some have persisted in using this quotation to fuel rumours of a split with fellow member Les Misérables, who is constantly quoted in the evening papers as saying, "Little that is not Form can be classified justifiably as 'Form'." Only a crass interpretation could lead to such a crass interpretation.

Parallels can be drawn to the confusion over Chekhov's *I'm Off To Do Some Serious Drinking*.

Translating these principles to the field of the mechanical recording of popular modern music, Form takes on a dimension that is not realised in terms of technological specialisation.

Jock Cheese's *Guide To The Pressing Of Flashing Green Buttons At A Minimum Of Fifty Dollars Per Hour* is the definitive work.

To quote briefly:

> "Leave the button depressed if by depressing that button the recording can be made better " that is, longer. The use of flashing lights, sliding plastic gauges, LED displays, knobs that turn both left and right, and Digital Mixamatosa Reverbs are a good lurk."

Ever witty, Cheese is pointing out the main elements of Form regarding such technology. They can be listed:

1. Expense
2. Time
3. Everything else.

Form implies a recording done in studio (ie. in the studio), as opposed to out of studio (ie. not in the studio). It concentrates heavily on sound quality generated through mechanical and musical precision.

To quote Eliot: "Close the fucking door, we're laying down the bass track."

This raises the interesting question of Classicism in the studio. W.B. Yeats never really came to terms with the advent of 16 track desks, while *The Beatles*...

June 1986

Chapter 9
The Reconstruction of Meaning

IN SALINGER'S *Seymore: An Introduction*, he speaks of "that faintly soupy quarter of an hour in New York when the street lights have just been turned on — some on, some off... When New York City boys are much like Griffin, Ohio boys who hear a distant train whistle just as the last cow is being driven into the barn. At that magic quarter of an hour, if you lose marbles, you lose just marbles."

So too in Melbourne, Australia. The cold touches your cheek on a Saturday afternoon, and the football has just finished. Without the wireless this afternoon seems quiet. Seven boys from *TISM* frolic, debating Meaning and its relationship to Form. You wanna cry at the memory. You sigh; you consider; you think, 'All this pity'; and you just wanna cry.

What is best in you? Meaning. Throw down as many gauntlets as you like. Take part in as many intellectual discussions, read as many monographs. Pore over your *Dictionaries of Psychology* and *Guides to Modern Art*. Slum your way through university on your parent's money in an inner city flat. Sooner than later, you will forget it, and come back to Meaning.

Sooner than later you'll set up your amps, plug them into a small 8 channel BOSS BX-800 mixer, feed that signal into a Digital PCM, and record onto a Sony Home Video Stereo VHS recorder, monitoring through your own home stereo system. Belt out the songs, all of them without dubs or further work, most of them laid down at first take. This, then, is Meaning.

Plunge back into the whirl of social obligation, but realise always that you will return...

Appendix 1
The Complete *TISM* Discography

Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance
December 1982; unavailable

1. Eckerman Is Very Silly
2. The Ballad Of The Semitic Nazi
3. Yassa Ara-thin-A-Go-Go
4. I Go To Werribee
5. Pus Of The Dead
6. United He Stands Divided He Is Not United Any More
7. Stiff's Luck (*or* Will John Lennon Get Back Together Again?)
8. Sweetbread Ain't No Honky Carcinogen
9. Instant Party

Hooked On Crap
May—July 1983; unavailable

1. Test Pattern
2. P.S. I Hate You
3. Ladies And Gentlemen
4. ..... Too Many Dots (Not Enough Words)
5. Tetraplegic Body Talk
6. George Minack Über Älles/Sprechen Sie Deutsch Mein Fräulein? No.
7. The Catharsis Of Pity And Fear (*or* Going Up A Moroccan's Bum)
8. The Oral-anal Fixation Stage Shuffle

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9. T.S. Eliot
10. Defecate On My Face
11. Macca Spits The Dummy Of Life
12. (I Can't Get No) Ariel Sharon
13. The Collapsed Lung Boogie parts 1, 2 and 8 *by* Don Burrows and *Cerebal Palsy*

Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion
July 1983; unavailable

1. Ladies And Gentlemen: The Judeo—Christian Ethic
2. Ezra Pound, Axe—King
   a. The Ballad Of J. Arthur White Australia Policy.
   b. The Petty Bourgeois Revolution.
   c. Art, Religion And The Neo-classical Dialectic.
   d. The Hairy Diadem
3. Love Amongst The Gas Ovens
4. The Art—Income Dialectic
5. Stop The Franklin's Flow
6. Alliteration Arules, A.K.?
7. Minimalism
8. The Existentialist Dilemma (*or* The Linesman Of The Lord Almighty Has His Flag Up)
9. The English-Speaking Peoples (*or* The Hitler Diaries)
10. Richard Minack, The Wild Man
11. Kill Americans
12. Doug Parkinson Sings Christie Allen

It's Novel! It's Unique! It's Shithouse!
September—October 1983; unavailable

1. Crime Against The Spirit Oo Poo Pee Doo
2. Terese Rowe 13 Brynor Crescent Glen Waverley 6516896
3. Man Was Born Free And Everywhere He Is In Changing Rooms
4. In Times Of Trouble, Poetry Gives Me AIDS
5. William Blake Was Crackers
6. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face

7. Jack Elliot's Turf Whinge
8. When You're Happy And You Know It, Kill Yourself
9. Mistah Eliot — He Wanker
10. Great Times In The *Reichstag*
11. Raskolnikov's Dilemma
12. I Await The Coming Of The Scottish Third Reich
13. Eyes From Under The Beret
14. I'm Style Deaf
15. The Penis Is Mightier Than The Sword
16. Opium Is The Religion Of The Masses (*or* Mein Kampf—fire Has Gone Out)
17. The War—Wound Between The Legs Controls The Universe Of Love
18. Tale Of Two Faeces
19. Almost Blue *by* Ian Curtis
20. Eviction Notice
21. The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped
22. (Jumpin' Jivin') Jimmy 'The Ghost' Joyce
23. Sometimes, But Not Often, And In Fact Now That I Think About It, Never.
24. Screaming Mongoloid Unbound Acts 1—4

TISM V — Harshness, Reality, That's What It's All About / We Live In Oil
February 1984; unavailable

1. Beyond Good And Evil Knievel
2. I Want To Kill Everyone
3. Shove Your Organ Down My Windpipe
4. Lyric For Jack
5. I Think Therefore I Wang
6. Street Writer
7. I Support Senseless Nuclear Holocaust
8. Johnny To B. Or Not To B. Goode
9. Unknown, Unacknowledged, Unforgettable, Underpants
10. The Homosexual's Relief
11. Clarse Distinction

12. The Res-Erection Chapters One, Two and Three

If You Want The Toilet, You're In It
April—November 1984; unavailable

1. Can I Have A Lemon Squash Please?
2. If You Want The Toilet, You're In It
3. The Mr. White Australia Policy Honky Tonk
4. Who Left The Dishwasher On?
5. Life Is Fairly Silly Really
6. Art At Work
7. Thunderbirds Are Going
8. Bourgeois Night In The Power Strike
9. 99 Nuclear Warheads
10. Thesaurus Brontosaurus
11. You Put The Ky-Bosh On Me
12. Minimalism 2
13. Minimalism 3
14. Minimalism 4
15. We're Ponging
16. What's "It"?
17. Don't Knead Your Buttocks
18. I Can Leave Puddles
19. Edward De Bono's Lateral Stinking
20. Onan The Barbarian
21. Lynton Coulter Is Art
22. Hamlet Goes To The Seven Eleven
23. Who Was The Cunt Who Boiled My Egg?
24. (Give Me Some Of Your) Emotional Fascism
25. Manassa: A Poem To Show How The Ways Of Men Can Be So Dumb
26. Brechtian Bullshit

Muggy Climates In My Jockettes
August—September 1985; unavailable

1. Death Death Death [redacted]
2. Poo Poo In My Fruit Loops

3. I Hate Literature
4. Canaan The Barbarian (The Divorce)
5. Minimalism 5
6. Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush
7. Landscape, Seascape, Escape
8. Piss Off, Cunt
9. Babies Bite Back
10. Repetition Engineers
11. Root
12. Wuthering Tights
13. I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Whittle Away My Furniture

There's More Men In Children Than Wisdom Knows
January—March 1986; unavailable

1. Choose Bad Smack
2. Come On Over To Me And I'll Come All Over You
3. Gerard Manly Hopkins' Wind Hovers Around My Nostrils
4. Gas! Gas! — An Ecstasy of Fumbling
5. The Unsaid Sorrow Of Wrist Spin
6. 40 Years — Then Death
7. *TISM* JISM
8. The Joccult
9. The Peace That Passeth All Understanding
10. I Got I
11. Ladies And Gentlemen: Miss Terri Rowe — Slave To The Economist
12. The History Of Man

Defecate On My Face/Death Death Death (single)
June 1986; Elvis records; unavailable.

It's A Screaming World And You're Just Another Screamer
June—August 1986; unavailable

1. Saturday Night Palsy
2. Untitled

3. How To End All Suffering
4. The Death Instinct Leads The Innocent To The Cattletruck
5. Frenzy
6. Amaroo Park Raceway
7. Hey Jude
8. Ophelia Tits
9. All Ordinaries Index
10. What I Did On My Holidays
11. Exterminate The Brut 33

The Vic Hugo Experience — "Are You Miserable?"
October 1986; unavailable

1. Teflon Underpants
2. Shantih Shantih Shanty
3. I Salute You Paul The White Lion
4. Give Me Your Angry Red Penis
5. Love Me Tender (Your Cunt Stinks)
6. Nigger, Pick My Cotton
7. I'm Just Sittin' Here Waitin' (To Turn Into A 65 Year Old Negro Saxophonist)
8. The Love You Make Equals The Love You Take So Honey Won't You Bang My Box
9. I Can See Your House From Here
10. I Can't Get No (Girls From The Weimar Republic)
11. Nick Cave And Jim Morrisson Play Kick To Kick
12. The Bugger's Blanket

Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion
November 1986; Elvis Records

1. Mistah Eliot — He Wanker
2. A Face Full Of *Divertamenti*
3. Kill Yourself Now And Avoid The Rush
4. Take Your Love
5. Root
6. All Ordinaries Index

7. I'm Into Led Zep

40 Years — Then Death/The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped (single)
November 1986; Elvis Records

Tissongs
February—September 1987; Tapes subsequently lost.

1. If You're Creative, You Can Get Stuffed
2. VFL Footballers Are Girls
3. When Man Built the V.G.; God Threw Up
4. The Mordialloc Road Duplicator
5. Junk Mail
6. Babies Bite Back
7. Canned Death
8. Put Your Dog To Sleep
9. Tape's Last Krapp
10. I'm Gonna Treat Ya To A Neitzche Double Feature
11. I Hope I Get Old Before I Die
12. The Rime Of The Ancient Sub-Mariner
13. The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie
14. I Sold My Baby The Dummy
15. Shut Up
16. Shut Up (Instrumental)
17. I Hope I Get Old Before I Die 2
18. (I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out
19. Bridge Over Roger Waters
20. All I've Got, All I've Missed — I'm Pissed
21. I've Got (Slag In My Gob)
22. The Ballad Of Les Misérables
23. Chiko Workshop
24. Jailhouse Schlock
25. Suspend Your Disbelief
26. Sha Na Na Na Na (There Goes The Sun)
27. The Mystery Of The Artist Explained
28. Pick The Line From John Donne
29. The Sexless Emily Dickenson

30. Byron
31. Minimalism 6
32. Slop
33. She Shows Her Father's Stubborn Spirit
34. Was Elvis Presley Adolf Hitler?
35. Shakespearin' The Bearded Clam
36. Anarchy Means Crossing When It Says "Don't Walk"
37. The Three Persons In The Godhead Root Each Other Constantly
38. Gimme Gimme Nervous Breakdown
39. I'm Interested In Apathy

The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie/(I Think I've Got) Mick Jagger Worked Out (single)
May 1988; Elvis Records

Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance
September 1988; Elvis Records distributed through Musicland

1. I'm Interested In Apathy
2. Saturday Night Palsy
3. The Mystery Of The Artist Explained
4. If You're Creative You Can Get Stuffed
5. 40 Years — Then Death
6. Anarchy Means Crossing When It Say 'Don't Walk'
7. The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie
8. Choose Bad Smack
9. The *Fosters* Car Park Boogie
10. Martin Scorsese Is Really Quite A Jovial Fellow
11. I Drive A Truck
12. Defecate On My Face
13. Kill Americans
14. Volare
15. The Penis Is Mightier Than The Sword
16. Slave To The Economist
17. I Shit Me
18. Doug Parkinson Sings Chrisie Allen
19. Gimme Gimme Nervous Breakdown

20. The Ballad Of The Semitic Nazi
21. And The Ass Said To The Angel: 'Wanna Play Kick To Kick?'
22. The Mordiallic Road Duplicator
23. Jack Elliot's Turf Whinge
24. Ezra Pound — Axe King
25. Johnny To B. Or Not To B. Good
26. Morrison Hostel

Free Nelson Mandela — With Every Record
March—November 1988; Unavailable

1. Mark E. Smith At The Discotheque
2. I'll 'Ave Ya
3. I Don't Want *TISM* I Want A Girlfriend
4. Koori Punks Fuck Off
5. Throw Your Drugs Away And Find A Fiancé
6. You Think I'm A Shining Wit But Really I'm A Whining Shit
7. My Generation
8. Brian Wilson
9. While My Catarrh Gently Weeps
10. They Shoot Heroin, Don't They?
11. The Law Of Repulsion After Orgasm
12. Robert Dipierdomenico Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4
13. It's Novel It's Unique It's Shithouse
14. Nunga Rock
15. It's Alright
16. Dishonourable Discharge
17. Whinge Rock
18. Life Kills
19. Stop The World I Wanna Get On
20. Minimalism 7
21. Minimalism 8

I'm Interest In Apathy/Gas! Gas! — An Ecstacy Of Fumbling (single)
November 1988; Elvis Records distributed through Musicland

I'm Interest In Apathy/Gas! Gas! — An Ecstacy Of Fumbling and *The Judeo-Christian Ethic* (12" single)
December 1988; Elvis Records distributed through Musicland

Three Blake And A Dollar's Worth of Chips — Song of Innocence And Experience
December 1988; unavailable

1. Rabid
2. The Law Of Repulsion After Orgasm
3. I Feel Guilty Because I'm Famous
4. Supercalafragilisticexpi-halitosis
5. Let's Form A Company
6. Minimalism 9
7. I'd Trust The Boys From *Harem Scarem*
8. The *TISM* Night Soil Cart And Horse Blues
9. Each Man Kills The Thing He Roots Via Rear Entry
10. Rosebud (Or Some Other Enigmatic Shit)
11. The *TISM* Boat Hire Offer
12. The House Of The Jiggling Bag
13. If They're Different, Punch
14. I Hope I Get Old Before I Die
15. Minimalism 10
16. Money Doesn't Matter
17. Rehearsal/Neighbours
18. Let's Club It To Death
19. That Was Is, This Is Then
20. Minimalism 10 Part 2 and 17
21. Stop The World, I Want To Get On
22. The *TISM* Finance Plan Offer

Martin Scorsese Is Really Quite A Jovial Fellow/Babies Bite Back (single)
June 1989; Elvis Records distributed through Musicland

I Don't Want TISM. *I Want A Girlfriend/I'll 'Ave Ya* (single)
December 1989; Elvis Records distributed through Musicland

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THE TISM GUIDE TO LITTLE AESTHETICS

Written by TISM only six months before their retirement from creative life to become Real Estate agents, *The TISM Guide to Little Aesthetics* is a disturbing insight into the last stage of artistic inspiration. Critics have long pondered over the novel's adoption of the three Aristotelian Unities – Unity of Time, Unity of Place and Unity of ... um ... ah ... *damn*. Anyway, the novel's stature has risen dramatically since publication, all the more so since the author's only description of it has been, "Nice Three Bdrm Unit; WC; Inset Cpbd; Living Room With F/Place; Must Go Soon".

The modern reader cannot fail to appreciate, having read the novel, not only that the modern, technological society within which we live is brutal, dehumanising and entropic, but, also, just how easy it is to publish any old junk these days.